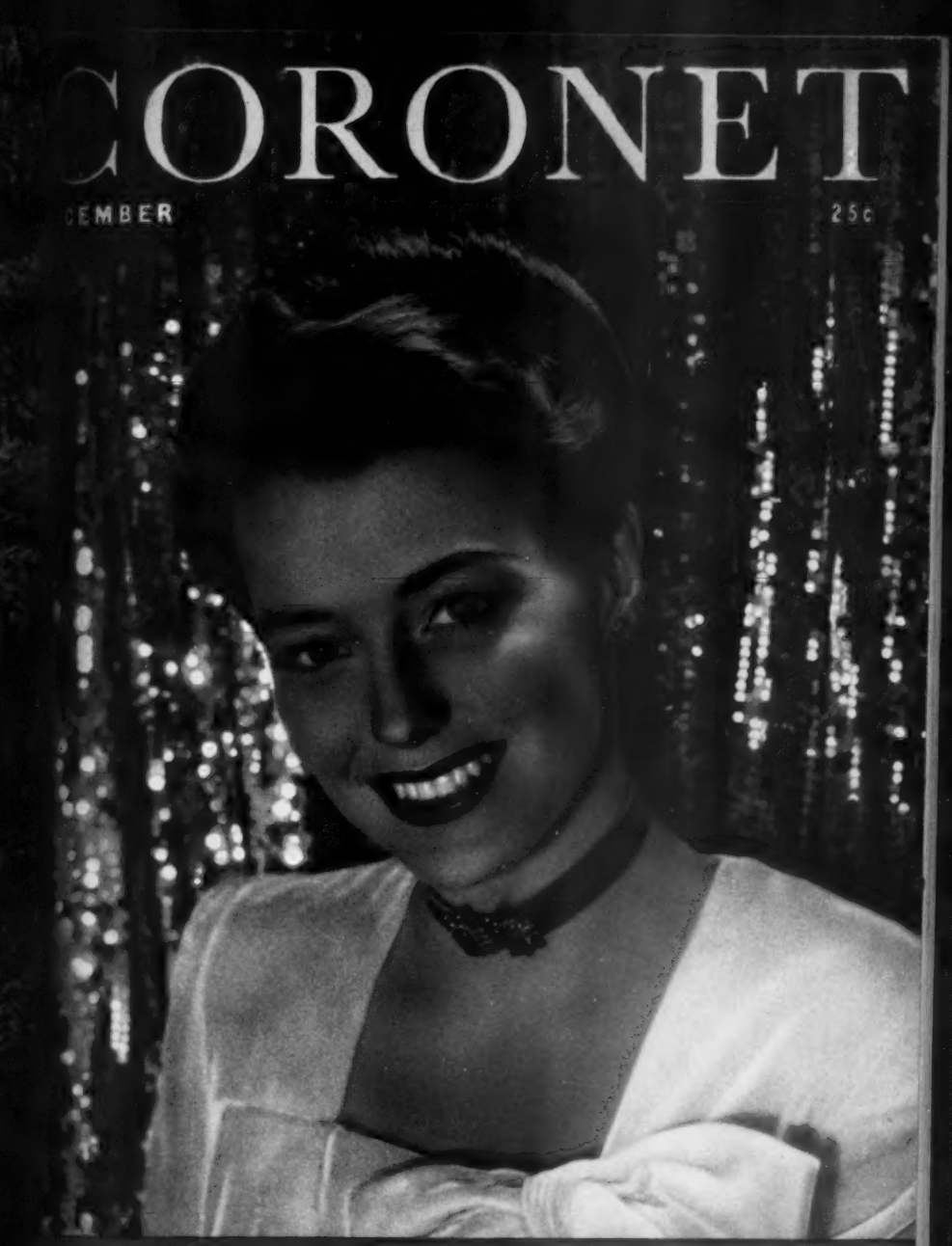
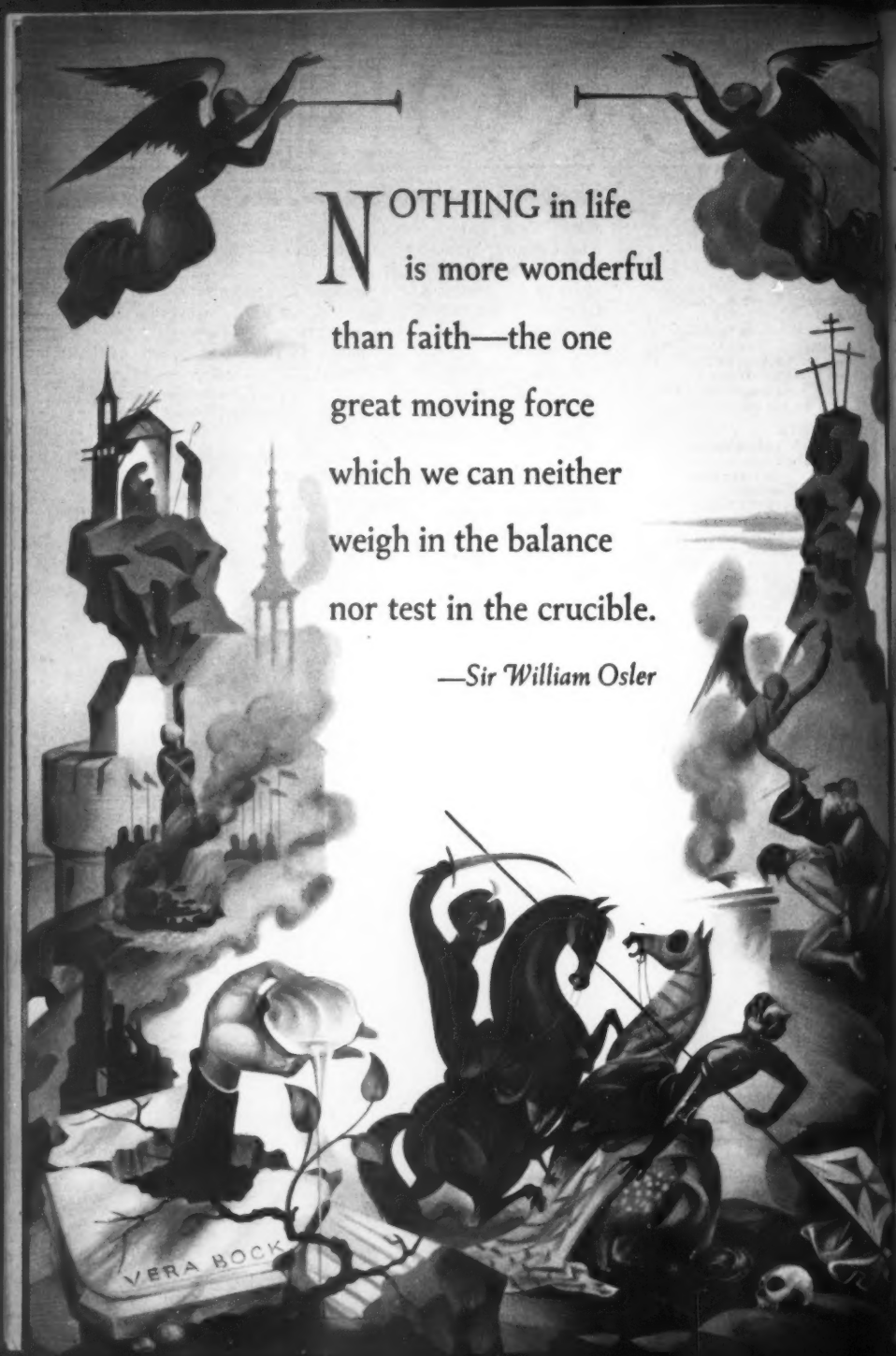
CORONET

CEMBER 25c



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NOTHING in life
is more wonderful
than faith—the one
great moving force
which we can neither
weigh in the balance
nor test in the crucible.
—Sir William Osler
VERA BOCK

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A veteran of the airlanes paints a frightening picture of what mass flying might bring



The Coming MASSACRE *in the Skies*

by H. A. SHANKLIN

IF YOU spend much time around the airfields these days you will notice an atmosphere of tension and excitement.

The air is full of talk and desks are covered with fresh blueprints. Carpenters are pounding away at new hangars, bulldozers are extending landing strips, concrete mixers whir night and day, and new gasoline service pumps are going in.

The boom is on—the boom in post-war civilian flying.

Salesmen scurry around with new demonstrator planes. Airport owners talk about clouds of civilian fliers—fliers in numbers rivaling the flood of motorists that poured out onto the highways after the last war.

There's a bonanza spirit abroad in the hangars and flight offices, and a race to get in on the ground floor of what flying men think may be the biggest thing that ever hit the industry.

I know what it feels like. I'm a flying man myself. Flying has been my bread and butter—and beef steak and potatoes—since I first flew a Curtiss JN-4, one of the fabulous Jennies of the last war.

I've barnstormed the country in a ship held together with baling wire and I've piloted the sleek upholstered jobs that fly the transport airlanes today. I've maintained planes for private owners and I've worked as an inspector for the big airlines. I am excited by the prospects of a civilian flying boom. But I'm scared, too.

I think the time for frank talk about civilian flying is right now, today. Frank talk and prompt action may prevent some terrific headaches later on.

Mass flying can be a tremendous boon for America and for the avi-

ation industry. Or it can be a shambles. It all depends on how we handle it.

The boom is coming, all right. There are some 350 thousand pilots coming back to civilian life from the Army and Navy. There are more hundreds of thousands of navigators, radio operators, gunners or mechanics whose interest in flying has been fired by Army training. There are thousands who caught the bug by working in the aircraft industry or took wartime training courses. And there are thousands of youngsters learning aviation in school.

Small wonder the aircraft industry is thinking in terms of selling hundreds of thousands of planes in the immediate post-war years.

That's a lot of planes.

But industry is ready and eager to provide them. "Hot" fighter pilots back from Europe or the Pacific will find souped-up jobs of which the manufacturer boasts "you don't fly 'em, you wear 'em." There are comfortable cabin models, just the thing for a jaunt with the wife and kids; two-seater roadsters for a fellow and his girl; and handy little spin-proof stall-proof numbers for the youngsters.

But what happens when these new enthusiasts take to the air?

Brother! Anything can happen, and probably will, unless we do something about it now.

AMONG THE thousands darkening the sky in the new flight era will be some of the world's finest aviators. But there will also be kids just out of high school, and fatalistic lads back from the war. There will be middle-aged men whose eyesight and reactions are beginning to slow up and daredevils who have primed themselves with half a dozen drinks.

There is a lot of careless talk and careless thinking about flying. When we hear about a plane that is "as easy to drive as a car" we nod our heads in agreement. We forget that the planes we see overhead today are piloted by men with years of training, aided by skilled navigators, radio men, and engineers. Those planes have split-second ground liaison, nation-wide maintenance and inspection, expert weather forecasts, radio beam navigation, radar, and every scientific device you can imagine.

Certainly, a light civilian plane is easier to run than a big passenger airliner. But *driving a plane* is just a starter.

If the fenders of your old car rattle you drive along regardless—the only damage is to your passengers' sensibilities. But if the wings of your plane rattle, you may next hear Gabriel's horn.

If your car runs out of gas, you stop along the highway, hail another car, and get a gallon at the nearest filling station. If your plane runs out of gas, your next flying will probably be done with wings and a harp. If it rains, you start the windshield wiper. Not so with flying.

I watched a friend run his light civilian plane into a rain squall one day. After checking up later, we estimated that pieces of the plane had been scattered over fifteen square miles. This fellow thought that boning up on weather was too much trouble.

If you run into a blizzard in

your car your windshield may frost over and you may even get stalled in a drift. Try that on your plane! Icing is one of the worst hazards of flying. Ice weighs down a plane and destroys the lifting power of the wings. Commercial transports have de-icing apparatus, but it is too heavy for most private planes.

Fog is just an occasional annoyance to the motorist. But the aviator runs into cloud, fog or mist constantly. And loss of visibility spells danger in the air.

Frequently a car owner doesn't look under the hood of his machine from one year to the next; he doesn't have to.

What a difference with planes!

I worked for several years as an inspector in the shop of one of the big transport airlines. Its planes were inspected daily, checked and re-checked and, at regular intervals, stripped down and reassembled. Yet our inspections often disclosed defects that could have meant death for the occupants.

I have found brakes which had overheated until they welded into a mass of useless metal. I have found landing gear which worked perfectly on test, only to jam a few minutes later. I have discovered metal shavings in engine oil screens —evidence that a motor which seemed to be working perfectly was actually tearing itself apart internally.

If these things happen on the safety-conscious airlines, you can imagine the chances for trouble on private planes.

I had an example of that once when I was working as an instructor. I kept my plane in a large, well-managed hangar, run by excellent mechanics. Yet one morning, when I checked my ship out on the flight line, I noticed a tear in the fabric on top of one wing. When I examined the tear I found that the wooden spar inside the wing was crushed. If I'd taken off with the ship in that condition it would have been my last flight.

A little questioning disclosed that a workman repairing the sprinkler system in the hangar during the night had accidentally dropped a heavy pulley on my plane. Hoping the accident would go undiscovered, he had said nothing about it.

I'VE SEEN a lot of private flying and some of the things I've seen still make me wake up at night in a cold sweat.

There was the time I was working on a private field. We had been checking a plane and found a rusted *longeron* tubing in the fuselage. In order to make the repair we removed the whole tail assembly. Then we discovered we lacked a few parts, so we wheeled the ship out to the flight line and moved another plane into the shop. A little later the owner of the first plane came out to the field. He saw his ship on the flight line and climbed aboard. He started the engine. Luckily, he wasn't able to get off the ground. When he gunned his motor, the ship stood up on its nose.

It couldn't happen to you? Well, I hope not.

But what about mid-air collisions? Today, with only a handful of civilian planes, we average about twenty mid-air collisions a year. What is going to happen

when several hundred thousand civilian planes roam the skies?

Traffic control, of course, is the answer to this problem. But it is no simple answer. We have traffic control of the highways and we have 25 years' experience of traffic engineering. Yet we killed about thirty thousand people a year in auto accidents before the war.

And traffic control of the air is tougher. For one thing, any air accident can be fatal. You can brush fenders on the highway and go on without even stopping. But try brushing wingtips in the air! You can even walk out of a head-on collision of two cars. But you'd find the air pretty thin if you started to walk away from a collision at two thousand feet.

Cars on a highway travel at about the same pace—between thirty miles an hour and possibly seventy or eighty at a maximum.

But in the air the trainers and beginning civilian planes cruise along at a safe seventy miles an hour (safe until you hit something solid like a mountain or a church steeple at that speed). We have ships that cruise at 100, at 150, at 250, at 400 miles an hour and on up to the new jet planes which approach the speed of sound.

Two planes traveling six hundred miles an hour move toward each other at the rate of twelve hundred miles an hour. They approach at a rate of a mile every three seconds. At that speed two planes headed for each other could not possibly avoid hitting. What a pilot thought at one moment was a speck on his windshield would be—the next moment—a plane hurtling *through it.*

What's the answer to this?

Some people like to think that the answer is the helicopter. It looks as safe as a rocking chair and as easy to run as a meat grinder. But, unfortunately, the helicopter is a complicated piece of machinery. It takes a fantastic combination of gears, shafts, driving rods and bearings to turn those huge rotors, not to mention the small subsidiary rotors. It is an axiom of machinery that the more moving parts you have the more things can go wrong with it.

Even if the helicopter were foolproof its very existence would give traffic engineers the jitters. Just imagine what the sky would be like filled with conventional airplanes traveling in horizontal flight at speeds ranging from seventy to six hundred miles an hour while hundreds of helicopters oozed up and down, like gigantic yo-yos, in and out of the flight path of the horizontal machines.

There is an answer to all this—one that will let our air boom develop without carnage and danger. That answer is: responsibility and regulation.

Present flight laws will have to

H. A. Shanklin learned to fly while he was still in high school. Since then he has serviced or flown everything from a crate held together with baling wire to the sleek airline giants. For the last ten years he has been a first pilot with Braniff Airways, Inc. "When I'm flying and in my time off I get a lot of time to think," Shanklin says, "and some of my thoughts about what we may expect in the air are pretty disturbing. Civilian flying presents problems that need to be considered right now." In this article he outlines those problems and the steps necessary to prevent wholesale disaster.

be tightened up. Today you can get a license to fly a plane without learning the rudiments of navigation. You don't have to know which way a compass points, or the difference between an isobar and a pressure system. You don't need to know any more about weather than to come in out of the rain. You can tinker with your own plane, whether you know anything about it or not, so long as you don't make a "major alteration." Only once a year does a licensed mechanic have to check your ship.

You can even fly lower than five hundred feet if it doesn't involve hazards to persons or property on the ground. Why anyone ever wants to fly that low I can't imagine—unless he is crop-dusting or carrying out some similar mission. It's an old rule that the lower the altitude the greater the danger.

And you can fly if you are sixteen years old. It has been a long time since I was sixteen, but I don't recall that I was a paragon of good judgment at that age. While there may be some reason in wartime for allowing sixteen-year-olds to risk their necks in airplanes, there can be no such excuse in peacetime—particularly when they risk not only their own necks but those of countless persons in the air and on the ground.

If the civilian air boom is not to become a slaughter, we need—and now—stricter flight regulations; thorough tests of pilot ability; rules against promiscuous flight by youngsters; careful examinations in weather, navigation, and aircraft maintenance; careful periodic inspections; flight cops to police the airways; improved traffic control; and drastic penalties for drunken flying, stunting over cities, and all other violations of good sense.

"After You, My Dear Alphonse!"

ABOUT FORTY YEARS ago there was a popular comic strip called *Alphonse and Gaston*. Two extremely courteous Frenchmen were always trying to outdo each other in politeness. Many a comic impasse was reached as Gaston would insist, "After you, my dear Alphonse," and Alphonse would reply, "No, you first, my dear Gaston!"

Funny as they were, there's no question about who should come first. The other person, of course. He should be first to order the meal, first to go through the door, first to be offered the best seat.

And what does it cost you? Generally he or she responds as Alphonse would with "After you, my dear Gaston!" He or she will try to outdo *you* in politeness as long as politeness is in the air. So you end up first at least fifty per cent of the time.

But if you are first to grab the opportunity, the money, the edge in any kind of an activity, you automatically give warning that the other person should start looking out for himself, too. Instead of trying to outdo you in courtesy, he may begin to outdo you in selfishness.

"After you, my dear Alphonse!" Try that simple formula for just one day. See how many times you can give the preference to the other fellow, friend or stranger. See how much you *gain*, by outscoring him in politeness and courtesy.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

Faced with economic death, England is out to comb the world for new markets

Britain's New super-salesman



by CLAIRE NEIKIND

WHETHER YOU do your shopping in Brooklyn or Samoa you can be sure of one thing. The British are coming.

They will come to the United States and to every other country in the world, laden with bicycles, hairbrushes, radios, toasters and Scotch whisky. They will have to sell their wares or die of economic malnutrition.

With the United States far ahead in the race for markets that England needs, there is a real possibility of economic death for the British. Worried by such a prospect, they know that fine merchandise and cut prices are not enough. They must also become the world's smartest and smoothest salesmen. With this idea in mind they have formed BETRO.

BETRO is the abbreviation for the British Export Trade Research Organization. Concealed behind the alphabetics is a super-ambitious program. "We don't like to talk about it much," an official confides. "To the average Britisher, it sounds so American."

Even the United States has seldom made such extravagant plans. BETRO is designed to act as a combined talent scout and publicity agent for British industry. Its job will be to comb the world for markets, to calculate what the world's people want, will want, or can be made to want, and then sell it to them.

To accomplish this, it will set up a "globe-girdling network of bureaus," staffed with carefully trained "flying squads" of BETRO experts. Like human slide-rules, these experts will tabulate every characteristic of prospective markets: clothing, climate, color, education, sophistication, tastes, religion, ambitions. Having measured and fitted each area, they will advise British industry what to make, where to send it, and how to price it.

An advertising arm called BETAC, heavily subsidized by the British government, will adapt some of America's best-selling advertising techniques to convince Turks, Argentinians and even Texans that British aspirin is the thing for their headaches. No advertising media

will be neglected — newspapers, magazines, radios, cinema. "We'll use everything Americans have used," says a British Board of Trade official, adding with a faint shudder, "even high pressure."

The entire operation is heartily blessed by the British government. The financial backing comes from membership subscriptions of seventy British big-business concerns with a combined capital of two billion dollars.

LAST SPRING British businessmen formed BETRO in cross-eyed apprehension. They had one eye fixed on American exporters siphoning off former British markets, while the other eye was on the increasing emergency at home. For after six years of war, Britain's economic position was, and still is, desperate.

She is indebted to foreign countries for twenty billion dollars. Four and a half billion dollars in overseas investments, which had formerly brought her fat revenues, have been sold to pay part of her war costs. Her population is threadbare and hungry, her machinery outworn and outmoded, and a big chunk of her pre-war markets has vanished.

Exports are a matter of life or death to Britain. Only by exporting can she make enough money to pay for the imports she needs in order to live. And now, with her staggering debts, even her pre-war markets would not bring income enough to pay the bills. In 1939, Britain exported 2,400,000,000 dollars' worth of produce. Now, she will have to export at least fifty percent more than before the war.

British businessmen are setting out to meet this quota, according to the chairman of Lloyd's Bank, "with a feeling of intense frustration." For wherever Britain turns to look for new customers—Latin America, Russia, Africa, the Middle East, the Orient—she finds the United States already there. Bountiful Lend-Lease shipments have opened doors for us in countries which by historic tradition have been prime British markets: India, Africa, Australia and the Middle East.

"It makes us feel," says a British industrialist, "like a woman who, after fixing tea in a blitzed-out pantry, finds that her husband has run off with the relief girl who doles out coffee and doughnuts."

Remembering that the race is not always to the swift, Britain is determined to stay in the running. She will reconvert her industry, introduce the most advanced technological methods, streamline consular service all over the world, and through BETRO attempt to advertise her way into the hearts of the millions of customers now buying elsewhere, or not buying at all.

Among U. S. businessmen, these preparations are arousing intense interest. America, too, is off on a market hunt. According to Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace, exporting is not only good business but a particularly essential part of our full employment program. He has, therefore, set an annual goal of ten billion dollars' worth of exports from this country, three times the amount exported in 1939.

Demands from war-ravaged Europe can take up some of this quota for the time being. But to sustain

such an enormous exporting program over the years, the United States is interested in permanent, long-term markets. So is Britain. And competition has already begun in these five great areas:

Russia—One of the biggest potential markets in the world. The 200 million Soviets will want enormous quantities of machinery, electrical equipment and consumers' goods.

China—Another vast potential market with a population of more than 450 million. If she can get long-term credits, she will want agricultural machinery, railroad equipment and consumers' goods.

India—Her 389 million people can use every conceivable manufactured product, if they can somehow raise the money to buy.

The Near East—Outside of Egypt and Turkey, the Near Eastern countries like Iraq, Iran, Palestine, are not rich markets. But because of their oil and geographical position, they have strategic importance and must be courted.

Latin America—The biggest prize of all. Almost every Latin American country has stored up enormous purchasing power during the war. They want transportation equipment, agricultural and industrial machinery, electrical goods. And they are ready to pay well for them. The United States already has the inside track in Mexico, Cuba, Colombia and Venezuela. Britain, through her pound sterling arrangements, has dominance in Argentina and Uruguay. Brazil, Peru and Chile, which are considered anybody's customers, will buy from the lowest bidder.

THE UNITED STATES has entered the race with advantages. Her machinery and skilled labor are superior to Britain's, her raw materials are far more plentiful, and her shipping capacity is three times as great as Britain's. Most important, she is the only country in the world with enough money to supply long-term credits widely.

But Uncle Sam's businessmen require greater assurances than these. An Inter-American Research Committee is busy "casing" South American markets for the giants of U. S. industry. Another committee of prominent businessmen is investigating the Middle East. Arrangements for long-term loans are being facilitated through the Export-Import Bank. And U. S. advertisers, whose annual budget has now reached two and a quarter billions, are doing some high-powered spending in South America, Turkey, Egypt and China.

If advertising alone could decide the race, America would win in a walk. A British trade publication, bewailing its advertising anemia, shows why. It reprints a typical American poster, colorful and dramatic, calling for WAC recruitment. Contrasted with it is a copy of a British appeal for women recruits in South Africa, which announces: "Women! Be one of fifty thousand!"

"Think of it," is the magazine's comment, "would any woman want to be the same as fifty thousand others? *Should* she be? The thought chills the blood of an Englishman or Englishwoman!"

Britain, however, is not counting on BETRO advertising alone to pull her through. She has three greater sources of strength—two of them realities, the third still a threatening ace-in-the-hole.

The first reality is the existence

of the British Empire, which retains the same Gibraltar-like permanence under Clement Attlee that it maintained with Mr. Churchill. In every Empire country (and that includes a fourth of the world's surface), she has "imperial preference." This gives her an exclusive reduction of about ten per cent on tariffs in all these nations.

The second reality is what Winthrop Aldrich of the Chase National Bank calls "our peculiarly intimate relationship to Great Britain." In peacetime, a fourth of our imports come from Britain, and a third of our exports are sent to her. There would be a severe dent in United States trade if Britain did go broke.

Her threat is the sterling bloc. She can, if she wants, cut the United States off from approximately forty percent of the world which has its currency tied to the British pound sterling. By refusing to allow the exchange of sterling money into dollars, Britain could force barter deals under which sterling countries buy from and sell to Great Britain, and Great Britain alone. These deals, strongly reminiscent of the German system, are universally considered as signals for ruthless trade war. Britain has therefore used them sparingly. "But," remarks a British trade official, "if we're hard pressed—who knows?"

These are sobering thoughts to American export enthusiasts. Almost without competition, they have been marching into new foreign markets. But now that the war is over, Britain is set to do a little ponderous romping of her own.

U. S. businessmen want to beat Britain to the foreign markets. But they do not want to push her to the wall. A distraught Britain making full use of her sterling bloc would force uncontrollable trade war; a bankrupt Britain would be a crippling blow to our own economy.

The United States is therefore proposing to help Britain by lowering the tariffs against British goods and extending a three to five billion dollar loan to put Britain on her feet. We still race against the British for foreign markets. But we will simultaneously help them to race against us. To our neighbor across the Atlantic, we hope to extend both a firm hand and a fair handicap.

Does Anyone Know?

AN ARMY INSTRUCTOR, suspecting his boys in class were drowsing, dropped into double talk to catch them. His talk went something like this:

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smolg and gwelg them, being careful not to overheat the brought tagooks. At this time, extract and wampf them gently for about time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then dip them in blinger. Otherwise discoobilate the entire instrument in twetchels. Now, are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the rear. "What are twetchels?"

—*Skywriter*

Society has been slow in recognizing that compulsive stealing is a symptom of disease



How To Deal With KLEPTOMANIA

by DONITA FERGUSON

WHEN THE POLICE finally caught the Phantom Burglar they could hardly believe their eyes. The man who had broken into 403 women's bedrooms, and performed human-fly stunts to get into them, was a crippled victim of infantile paralysis.

He admitted his thefts—cheap jewelry, powder puffs, filmy handkerchiefs, even love letters. He said that he knew he had done wrong, but couldn't restrain himself—the things he stole gave him a feeling of fulfillment which he could not attain in a normal way.

Because he knew the difference between right and wrong, as well as the nature of his act—the standard sanity test in 29 states—a plea of insanity would not have been accepted. The jury found him guilty, and the judge sent him to Sing Sing.

Yet he was no ordinary thief. He was sick. He was a kleptomaniac. He needed psychiatric treatment, not punishment. By rare good luck he got it. He was put under the care of Dr. Ralph S. Banay, psychiatrist-in-charge at Sing Sing from 1940 to 1943 and now associate director of research on Social Deviation at Columbia University.

In the course of many interviews Dr. Banay discovered why this man was a kleptomaniac. He had contracted infantile paralysis as a boy, and he was thus unable to compete with other boys. To make matters worse, he had an athletic sister who provided a constant contrast to his own inadequacy. Since his parents made no attempt to guide him into pursuits at which he might excel, he grew up nursing his grievances. Then he found he was distasteful to girls.

In a confused attempt to assert himself, he embarked on his career of crime. His gymnastic burglarizing gave him a feeling of physical mastery. The inexpensive feminine knick-knacks he stole were substitutes for the love that had been denied him.

Dr. Banay made him understand this connection between his childhood frustration and his adult conduct; and understanding is often half the battle for a cure.

Once he realized that his frustrations had produced his craving to steal, he began looking for normal ways to fulfill those desires.

Dr. Banay believes his patient is now entirely adjusted to society. But he has had no chance to prove it. The Phantom Burglar is still serving his prison term.

Not all kleptomaniacs suffer such a fate. Five years ago a well-to-do clergyman was hauled into court as a common auto thief. His lawyer argued that any automobile thief who owned a car, and could well afford another if he needed it, must obviously be unbalanced. But the clergyman was legally sane, and therefore guilty. Fortunately, the judge sentenced him to a mental hospital. He was discharged a year later, fit to take his place in society.

Today he is nationally known under a new name, earns a salary in five figures, and has a tireless talent for helping unfortunates.

Discovery of what caused his kleptomania was half the cure. He had unconsciously disliked his profession, but he had clung to it because his admiring congregation satisfied his yearning for approval, which an overly critical mother had exaggerated in him as a child. This yearning was later aggravated by a wife who constantly found fault with him as a husband.

Divorce and a confession of his religious duplicity would have been the obvious way out, but he hadn't dared to kick over the traces. By stealing cars he gratified a suppressed desire to be a ruthless he-man *without having to admit his difficulty publicly or even admit it to himself.* Once he understood and accepted his conflicts, he was able to rehabilitate himself.

Doctors recognize kleptomania for what it is—a *sign* of illness, comparable to pyromania and pathological lying. *Kleptomania is a symptom, not a disease.* Disturbances that are known to cause kleptomania (or compulsive stealing, as it is more properly called when used in its broadest sense) are physiological irregularities: brain disorders like epilepsy, paresis and feeble-mindedness; and acute mental conflict.

Store detectives and court psychiatrists believe that much compulsive stealing in women occurs as a result of physiological disturbances. Women who steal during pregnancy, for example, are actually victims of a capricious pregnancy appetite. Some courts know this and treat thefts committed at these times with extreme leniency.

Compulsive stealing among epileptics, paretics and victims of other serious brain disorders is very much like sleep walking. These people literally do not know what they are doing, but most kleptomaniacs are entirely conscious of their acts.

Kleptomaniacs are frequently people whose emotions have been thrown off balance by their parents' failure to maintain happy family relationships. When these people are unable to overcome their childhood frustrations, compulsive stealing may occur.

"The normal person," says Dr. Sandor Lorand, internationally known psychiatrist, "is the one who can make social, working and family adjustments. Kleptomaniacs fail in all these."

The ways they fail are legion,

but the failures usually have some relationship to marital maladjustments or celibacy. A husband's inattention has driven many a woman to theft. Girls shocked by strained relations between their parents often develop abnormal feelings of isolation, avoid wedlock, and resort to stealing. Kleptomaniac bachelors generally suffer from a feeling of inferiority.

While these mental conflicts can be adjusted, the success of the treatments depends largely on the patient's desire to overcome his asocial conduct. A well-to-do married woman who was caught recently stealing velocipedes was one patient who wanted to be cured. She was obviously not a felon. She stole bicycles, tricycles or scooters, took them home, painted them, and sold them cheaply to mothers of children whose fathers were overseas. Then she gave the money to the Red Cross.

She was the only sister of five older brothers, who used to tease her and call her a sissy. As a girl she tried desperately to win their admiration with tomboyish behavior. When she discovered one day that she could ride her bicycle faster than one of her brothers could, she experienced a thrill she had never known before. Subconsciously, she remembered that thrill as an adult.

Her marriage was happy until her husband started to neglect her for his business. Then frustration was transformed into a compulsion to steal, and the objects she stole were like the one which had gratified her as a child.

She was arrested and sent to a psychiatrist. When she was made to understand the cause of her conflict, she turned her urge into constructive channels.

The stealing of a thief who is not a kleptomaniac is a means to an end. The kleptomaniac's stealing is an end in itself. For this reason kleptomaniacs seldom take anything expensive. The object has symbolic rather than material value.

THE WAY to prevent kleptomania is to teach parents to understand their children and to maintain satisfactory family relationships. Since family relationships can be intricate, the parents' job demands conscientious attention.

Nobody knows how prevalent kleptomania is, partly because many kleptomaniacs are not caught, and there is consequently no record of them, and partly because those convicted appear on the records as ordinary thieves. States and cities alone arrest about one hundred thousand thieves a year. This figure does not include Federal arrests, or arrests of pickpockets and shoplifters.

Typical of the kleptomaniac shoplifter was an awkward girl who had a very pretty younger sister. She found release from her feeling of inferiority in stealing costume jewelry. She never wore it or sold it—just hid it away at home. The psychiatrist to whom she was sent for treatment recognized that just having the jewelry around provided her some consolation. He worked with her for about a year. Today, as a successful dress designer, she has won the admiration of her less-gifted sister.

Kleptomania has been called a

privilege of the wealthy. The kleptomaniac who is poor is usually assumed on circumstantial evidence to be a common thief. The rich get the benefit of the doubt. Yet the Phantom Burglar was poor. So was a young music teacher treated by Dr. Lorand.

This 22-year-old girl started teaching piano at the age of fourteen. She stole knick-knacks from her pupils' homes and, later, money from her father and stepmother. The knick-knacks she hid in a bureau drawer. The money she sent to an impoverished aunt.

Treatment revealed that her thefts were caused by an unconscious resentment of her father, who had abandoned his family when the girl was nine months old. The mother had slaved to make ends meet. When the mother died the child was sent to live with the aunt, who also made sacrifices in order to support her.

Her father remarried. When she was nineteen he sent for her. Her hatred for him soon included her stepmother. Every time her thefts were discovered, she swore she would never steal again. But she always did.

The psychiatrist made her father understand that her thefts were an expression of defiance and insecurity. They were not committed for gain. Poor as the girl was, she never profited from them. Not once did she spend the money on herself. Not once did she sell her stolen goods to a "fence." If she had not had the attention of a psychiatrist, she might have gone to jail.

Since kleptomania results from personal maladjustment, it is obviously not hereditary. Also, the kleptomania compulsion is infrequent among children — though most children do some stealing until they are taught not to.

When juveniles continue to steal in spite of their training, they usually do so because of a lack of affection or because of too much parental domination.

Dr. William Healy in his book, *The Individual Delinquent,* describes another sort of case, in which a ten-year-old girl played with a small boy who taught her to swear and misinformed her about things.

Dr. Healy convinced the mother that this experience was the cause of the child's thefts. By devoting more time to the girl, answering her questions correctly, and keeping her busy, the mother effected a complete cure.

THE REAL thief rarely pleads innocence on grounds of kleptomania. He would rather be known as a crook than a "nut." As Dr. George S. Stevenson, director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, points out: "No culture accepts insanity with comfort. All cultures accept criminal behavior with some comfort."

Since fakers are few and easily detected, it is time, in the opinion of most doctors, for our legal attitude toward kleptomania to catch up with our medical attitude. Seventeen states and the District of Columbia have accepted the principle of Irresistible Impulse which allows a defense of insanity even when the defendant can distinguish right from wrong. In most states there has been little or no

change for generations in legal procedure on kleptomania.

Two improvements recently suggested by Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, expert criminal psychiatrist, are these: have a psychiatric report made on every criminal convicted of a felony; make a psychiatric service available to every penal and correctional institution.

These are neither wild-eyed nor merely humanitarian suggestions. They are intended partly to protect the maladjusted from the corrupting influence of association with professional criminals, thus cutting down the recruiting into professional ranks at least to that extent. And they are intended to help people like the Phantom Burglar, once readjusted, to be returned promptly to society as useful citizens, instead of waiting out prison terms at the state's expense.

America Opens Its Heart!

It's only a matter of weeks since the publishers of Coronet announced the establishment of the *Coronet Fund for Projected Reading* . . . to make possible the purchase of projectors which flash microfilmed reading material—magazines, newspapers, books—right up on the ceiling.

We honestly did not know what to expect. Yes, we felt that many readers would make contributions, but we had no idea what would actually happen.

What did happen is a tribute to the sympathy, understanding and gratitude of our readers—a boon to many a helpless GI who is lucky enough to have the use of his eyes, if just about nothing else. America opened its heart! From all over the country, not only individuals, but business organizations and welfare groups, schools and fraternal units have rallied to this great cause. They have contributed . . . they have organized drives . . . they have asked Coronet what else they can do.

A physician arranged a golf tournament and will donate the proceeds to the Fund. A high school teacher will sponsor a contest among her students. And as their yearly charity project, an international sorority is planning a special drive throughout their chapters. These are only random examples of the enthusiastic support that this undertaking is receiving.

Coronet's contribution is a *free* microfilm of the complete issue of Coronet each month to every hospitalized veteran who has the use of a projector. And to lend further aid to the readers and groups who are active in raising funds, Coronet will supply, upon request, reprints of Sidney Carroll's article *Now the Helpless Can Read*, which appeared in the September issue and which really inspired the idea. These reprints are available in any quantity and without charge.

The need for projectors is still great, and is growing all the time. While the approximate cost of a projector is $100.00, your contribution will be welcome in any amount. Please make all remittances payable to "Coronet Fund for Projected Reading" and mail to this fund in care of Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Our Human Comedy



Amusing trifles are the ingredients that make for laughter. So, presented for your enjoyment are some lighter moments from the drama of daily living

WHEN JOSEPH E. DAVIES went to Moscow he took with him a sizable quantity of American canned goods. The Russian cook found most of the foods simple enough to prepare, but he was stumped by one tall can.

After trying, but without success, in every way, to prepare the strange ingredients, he confessed his failure to the American envoy. Davies went to the kitchen to unravel the mystery. He glanced at the can. It contained three tennis balls! —STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

A RADIO SHOW called "Fellow on a Furlough" picks a soldier a week, interviews him on the air, and gives him a pair of tickets to a hit show. One week they found a particularly good subject, gave him the works, congratulated themselves when the telephone calls began coming in.

Among the calls was one from the commanding officer at Fort Monmouth, N. J., "Fellow you had on tonight. What show's he going to see and what seats does he have?" Station employes found somebody who remembered, relayed the information and asked if they could be of any further service.

"Not just now," was the reply. "Your soldier of the week happens to be AWOL and we're going to pick him up at intermission." They did, too. —RAY JOSEPHS

THE WIFE of the college president was giving a dinner for the faculty. She had just made a round with the hors d'oeuvres when she saw her five-year-old twin daughters tiptoeing down the stairs. They were nude.

"Please . . ." she said hurriedly to her guests, "my little girls are showing off. Don't pay any attention to them, no matter what they do."

The guests played their parts convincingly. Conversation continued at a sprightly rate and all pretended not to notice as the two white bodies glided swiftly and silently into the room.

One twin filled both hands with olives, the other took what was left of the cheese-filled celery. Exchang-

ing a bright smile of triumph, the twins scurried back into the hall and up the stairs.

At the end of the party the professor of psychology said to his hostess, "I am rather interested in the odd behavior of your little girls. Could I drop by tomorrow and talk to them?"

"Please do!" she replied. "I can't imagine what caused them to act as they did."

The twins were playing in the yard when the professor strolled by the next day. "Hello, girls . . ." he smiled.

"Hello . . ." They exchanged a mischievous grin. "We saw you at the party last night."

"That's strange," he replied. "I didn't see you."

They laughed delightedly. "Of course you didn't! We'd rubbed ourselves all over with mama's Magic Vanishing Cream."

—GILBERT WRIGHT



WHILE SUMMERING in Maine magazine artist N. C. Wyeth offered an old shipwright a drink. He demurred firmly.

"Never touch it," he said. "Haven't had a drink in thirty years."

"Thirty years!" exclaimed Wyeth, marveling. "What happened thirty years ago to make you take the pledge?"

The old Yankee spat reflectively and said: "It's like this. A friend asked me to make him a coffin for a member of his family who had just passed away. He brought me the lumber, set before me a jug of homemade applejack and a bottle of corn whiskey, and told me to go to work. I toiled over that coffin all night. When dawn came and the sun rose, the applejack was gone, the whiskey was gone, and I was still working. But when I saw the coffin in broad daylight I swore I'd never touch another drop."

"Why?" the other asked. "What was the matter with the coffin?"

"Nothing," the old shipwright said dryly, "except that I'd put a keel on it!"

—CON RYAN



IT WAS V-J Day and in New York City a radio announcer had been interviewing passers-by. He finally stopped one gentle old lady.

"And I suppose you're relieved that it's all over?"

"Indeed I am."

"Did you have anyone in the war?"

After a few seconds' hesitation, "Yes, I did."

"Would you care to tell us who it was?"

"My Country."

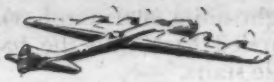
—CPL. EDWARD ZUCKERMAN



A LOVELORN sailor decided to celebrate pay day by sending a wireless to his girl in Duluth. After chewing on his pencil for several minutes, he finally turned in a cable that read: "I love you, I love you, I love you. John."

The clerk in the cable office read it over and said, "You're allowed to add a tenth word for the same price."

The sailor pondered for several minutes and then added his tenth word. It was "Regards." —*Seahorse*



Courage
Is a Quiet Thing





Heroism is sometimes found far from the noise and dirt and blood of battle

by HOWARD FAST

I TOLD A story to some of the men stationed near Sharjah, in Saudi Arabia. It concerned a questionnaire a New York newspaper ran asking girls who had volunteered for overseas service where they wanted to go and why. One girl answered that she would like to be sent to Saudi Arabia because she was certain it was the most romantic place on earth.

When I finished telling the story, the men smiled a little, and one of them said softly, "I wish she *had* come here. It would be nice to have a girl here."

"It *would* be romantic," someone else said.

About fifty men were stationed at the ATC base near Sharjah then, in the spring of 1945. They serviced a small airfield, and they kept the installation going. In the daytime, the heat frequently rose to 157 degrees.

The base building stood like a brown sore on an endless white expanse of glistening sand. There was nothing anywhere, no place to go to or come from, just the heat; not a tree, not a bush, not a cloud. It was easy to understand why, once in a while, someone there went mad.

COURAGE IS a very quiet thing. I was in Cairo, and they told me the story of the Green Project. A revolutionary step in air transport, the Green Project was a plan whereby fifty thousand men a month would be shipped from the European and Mediterranean theatres back to the States, without interruption of the regular air transport schedules.

This was a gigantic and visionary movement, and it was being accomplished as smoothly as though a new air age were not being ushered in. I was shown charts and maps and statistics. The loaded 46s and 47s, slipping in and out of Payne Field, told the rest.

"They'll be home in three days," the public relations officer said proudly. "Just think—a year, two years overseas, and they'll be home in three days."

The faces of the men showed what they were thinking. You saw them come out of the fat-bellied

cargo planes, and they stood and looked at the sky, at the airport, at each other.

"Of course, there are some hitches," the PR officer said. "Mistakes happen. Things go a little wrong in anything as big as this. They're bound to. Nobody wants it to be that way—but the Army is so big, so much bigger than anything we ever had before. One of those mistakes makes a peculiar story. I don't know whether it would be worth writing about."

"Is it over?"

"It's not over," he said. "That's it." He nodded at a group of boys who stood uneasily against the processing counter. "You know, we decided to take the 8th and 15th Air Forces back by plane, which was only right. They've been over a long time. But that's a big job, and we're short of personnel; so we asked them for a few hundred men to help out, ground crew. That's only right, isn't it? But one of those slips happened; they must have just pulled out whole units, and among them were a dozen bomb handlers with thirty months overseas. We have no bombs in ATC, so someone must have been puzzled about what to do with them, and then someone else got a bright idea and orders were cut, and when something like that starts it seems there's no way to stop it. So there are the guys, and they're bound for the milk run stations in the Persian Gulf Command. It's tough on them after all that time in the ETO."

"What are the milk run stations?" I asked. I hadn't heard about them.

"A set of fields through Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Baluchistan. Desert stations—just a few men, lonely and hot. Those kids don't know, in fact, very few people know, about that lousy PGC. No romance, no fighting, just fields."

I asked whether something couldn't be done about those boys. The PR officer thought that eventually something would be done—in a few weeks or a few months. Those things happened, and then unscrambling them was like unscrambling eggs.

We went over and talked to the boys. They were tense, vacant-eyed, tired-looking. The European war was over; they thought they were going home, or at least on furlough, and here they were going east to an ATC field. They were bomb handlers; not mechanics, not maintenance men, just bomb handlers. It didn't make sense. They were all quite young; they had come out of the European winter, and their skin was still white and pink against the Cairo sunburn.

This was one of the small and unimportant tragedies of the war, a little mistake that would be rectified sooner or later; but I got

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At the age of 31, Howard Fast is firmly established as one of America's most talented novelists, with such solid works as "Citizen Tom Paine," "Freedom Road," "Conceived in Liberty," and "The Last Frontier" to his credit. Rejected by the army, Fast served until 1943 in the Office of War Information. In the spring of 1945 Coronet assigned him to cover some of the forgotten spots of the war: spots where American boys were fighting a war of their own against loneliness, boredom, disease, and oppressive heat. This poignant article tells what he found on one of his journeys.

permission to go along with them to their stations. I wanted to see what happened, what they would do when they saw the places which would contain them for the next weeks—or months.

THE FIRST scheduled stop was to be Abadan, which has a very wide reputation as the second hottest place on earth. Where the hottest place is doesn't matter. Three of the boys were scheduled for Abadan. We took off in the evening, and we lay on blankets on the floor of the C-46.

In the sunset, we flew across the Sinai Desert, and as far south as you could see there was nothing but jagged mountain ranges. The bomb handlers still didn't speak. Some time during the night, the tower at the British Oasis of Habbinya signaled us that we had no recognition signals, and to land and lie over until dawn. That was very early in the morning. We landed, and the boys stood at the edge of the desert airfield, looked at the bright stars, felt the cool breeze, and joked a little and even smiled. After that, we had some food, drove through the oasis in a truck, and crawled under the netting in a British barracks.

The boy next to me, who was tall and raw-boned and looked like a Texan, was from the Bronx. He said, "Anyway, nothing ever looks like the Bronx." The rubber bands had gone out of his face. We couldn't sleep, and we talked until daybreak. He spoke about patience; everything came to an end—battle, bombing, sickness; you had to make the adjustment inside of you, otherwise you never found any peace. He was twenty years old.

In the early morning, the oasis was cool. We drove back to the airport through green groves, farms, and a little Arab village. Then it took only a few hours to reach Abadan, a little airport on a brown desert waste, with heat rising in ugly, demented waves. No one had been prepared for this kind of heat; the "second hottest place on earth" is meaningless until you feel it. There is a classic description of going to bed in Abadan: you throw a bucket of water on your bed, soak your sheet in water, wrap it around you without wringing it out, and lie down on the wet mattress—and you wake up an hour later dry and gasping for breath.

And it's not only the heat—it's the utter loneliness, the devastation, as if God had vented all His anger on this land.

Into this, the three bomb handlers stepped; this was their assignment, and it was no use to talk about the years in Europe. They walked toward the airport building, and the GIs stationed there watched them stolidly.

AT BAHREIN ISLAND, the desert looked the same. The heat was a little—just a little—less intense than at Abadan, and the drinking water was dirty green instead of crawling brown. Three more bomb handlers had reached their destination. They grinned when they saw the place. "Those poor guys at Abadan," they managed to say. But they stood there and followed the C-46 with their eyes as it took off again.

The boys who were scheduled

for the ATC base near Sharjah asked questions about the place—plaintively, because the uniqueness of their punishment was that it wasn't punishment at all. It was just a manifestation of the war, and a completely unimportant one—so no movies could be taken and no record kept of a few Americans who would have made many others very proud of them. But it was the quietest, deepest courage I have ever seen.

Sharjah might have been hell, except that there were no red flames; the GIs have a name for that part of the east, but it isn't printable. Sharjah is the point of their phrase: white sand that is endless and sight-destroying, and heat like molten metal. And nothing anywhere, no place to go, no men, no women.

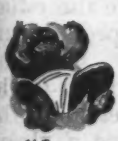
During a certain part of the year, there are big, ugly black flies that tear pieces out of your skin. The first GIs came at a time when the flies were active. They asked if the flies ever left. The Arabs said, "Flies die—then Johnny die." Arabs call GIs "Johnny."

Johnny didn't die, although each year the heat kills the flies. Johnny can live through nearly anything, as he has shown. At Sharjah, three more bomb handlers left the C-46. They were in ODs; they had even sewn on the overseas bars to be proudly displayed when they came home. And the plane took off, some hours later, and went on to Baluchistan.

It ended up at Jiwana in Baluchistan. More desert, more heat and loneliness. The last of the boys from the 8th and 15th Air Forces stood there, reassigned, on a new tour of duty. They might have cursed, sworn, wept, griped—all of which they do when the trial is a lesser one.

When it was like this, they took it dry-eyed, knowing that a time would come when it would be over, and that they were tough enough to last it out.

Name Happy



WHAT'S IN A NAME? Often a lot, as Dr. A. P. Hudson of Chapel Hill revealed in an address titled *The Science of Naming Negro Babies*, which traces flamboyant y-clepting back to Reconstruction days when freed Negroes eagerly seized the opportunity to exercise a privilege hitherto denied them. "Image of Christ Lord God Brown" was cited as one name illustrating devotion to the scriptures. Another was "I Will Rise and Go Unto My Father Smith." One Negro's name was registered as "And Seven Times Shalt Thou Walk Around Jericho." He was called "Thou" for short.

Acute appreciation of economics led parents to name one baby "Dollar," while another went through life christened "Nary a Red."

Other amusing examples are "Sunday May the Ninth," "Lucy Never Seen Joe Smith," "Rosa Bell Ain't no She," "Filthy McNasty," and "Big Apple."

—BILL SHARPE



A Sailor Asks Some Questions

Because it raises questions which many boys still in the service are asking—questions which must be answered honestly and promptly—Coronet prints this letter from Cecil Mowell, a sailor aboard the USS North Carolina. On the opposite page appears a reply written by Robert E. Sherwood, author and playwright. —THE EDITORS

GENTLEMEN: In your March issue I read the article, *Business Looks Out for the Doughboy.* It interested me very much and encouraged me to write you.

The article covers a lot of territory on the subject of looking out for us fellows, but there is one class of men which seems to be forgotten. I am one of those men. I write you because I sincerely believe you will try to help me, and others like me, to look to the future with a broader perspective and greater expectation.

I came into the Navy eighteen months ago and have had fifteen months of sea duty. I have seen a lot of hell and destruction. I enlisted at the age of fifteen, before I had earned any high school credits or established myself in any line of work. Your article covers men who will get the jobs they left. But what of fellows like me?

The younger generation of today will govern our nation tomorrow. I joined the Navy because I felt it my duty to fight for the God-given rights of a free American. Now that the war is over, I believe I have earned the right to the education which I voluntarily interrupted, the education that will equip me to participate in the government of my country.

People may say, "He didn't have to go across and fight." But should one be criticized for doing his duty as an American?

Today I am helping my mother support my two kid brothers and see them through school. Of the 79 dollars I draw each month, I send 40 dollars home, in addition to $12.75 for government bonds. That's a pretty heavy load for a seventeen-year-old kid.

I regret the fact that I didn't get to finish my education. I would like to go to high school and be a kid again, and forget all the hell of war. Then I'd like to work my way through college. But how can I do these things?

I have a deep faith in a more secure and greater America. I want to be an architect and participate in the progress of my country. And I would like the education necessary to comprehend and enjoy that progress.

I wish you would answer my letter in Coronet in order that other fellows, too, may have a clearer understanding of what to expect for the future.

So until we can each return to our walk in life, I remain

Cecil H. Mowell

Cecil H Mowell

About His Future in America

DEAR CECIL MOWELL: The editors of Coronet have asked me to answer your letter and I am happy to do so.

Under the GI Bill of Rights, you are surely entitled to a chance to resume your education after you are mustered out of service.

The benefits of this Bill apply to honorably discharged veterans who have had more than 89 days' active service since September 16, 1940. Under the educational clauses you can receive the benefits if you were under 25 years when you entered the service. You beat that margin by a clear decade. If you had been over 25 when you went in, you would have had to prove that your education was interrupted.

You can go back to school or undertake some specialized training for as much as one year. The government will pay the school up to five hundred dollars for your tuition, books, laboratory fees and similar necessities.

You will be paid fifty dollars a month for subsistence; if your kid brothers are dependent on you (or if you have any other dependents) you will be paid 75 dollars a month.

If you complete the first year satisfactorily and meet the requirements of the law, you can continue your schooling under these same conditions for as many years as you have been in service—but not for more than a total of four years.

That's a rough summary of the facts.

The GI Bill of Rights is part and parcel of our concept of economic rights. Those rights have been largely realized for war veterans during the immediate period of readjustment to civilian life; but we still have a long way to go before we have realized them on a national scale for the rank and file of the people.

I hope that you and millions of other servicemen will be thinking of these rights and working for the achievement of them in years to come.

You say in your letter, "I want to be an architect and participate in the progress of my country."

That's fine.

Americans have always been good builders. It's a glorious part of our tradition.

You, Cecil Mowell—and eleven million others—have a great job of building to do in this country and this world.

We all talk of a "better life" now that the war is over. But you know that we can't get it merely by wishing for it or merely by passing a law. We have to *make* it.

I believe that, with you guys forming the new generation, we *will* make it.

Robert Sherwood

Robert E. Sherwood

There's an inspiring story in the enduring charm of *A Visit from St. Nicholas*

A Father's Gift to All Children

by KEITH MONROE

"YOUR SON is dying," the doctor told the college professor. "Technically, it's a case of shock plus loss of blood. But actually, the boy just doesn't want to live. If you can think of something that will cheer him up, even temporarily, he may rally."

The professor's son was only seven years old. That day he had been galloping his pony along a winding pathway. The pony had slipped and fallen hard, slamming the little boy to the ground.

When they found the boy, he lay in a pool of blood, with the prostrate pony thrashing feebly beside him. The animal's leg was broken. So they shot the pony and carried the boy home to his father.

The lad had seen his beloved pony die—and he had lost the desire to live.

That was the terrible problem that faced Professor Clement C. Moore one dark afternoon shortly before Christmas of 1822. Cheer the boy up, the doctor had said. But what did Moore know about cheering up little boys? He had devoted most of his life to producing a monumental work entitled *A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language: In Two Volumes.* As professor of Biblical Learning and Interpretation of Scripture at the Diocesan Seminary, his style of writing and speaking was dignified, almost pompous. He had just finished writing an essay expressing his alarm because "more of the well-disposed among my young countrymen do not devote their leisure hours to the attainment of useful learning, rather than to frivolous amusements."

But now Professor Moore knew he must devise a "frivolous amusement" to keep his son alive.

So the father turned away and went to the desk in his own study. He thought awhile, then began to write desperately, scratch out, and write again. For two hours his quill pen raced over sheet after sheet of foolscap. At last he rose and hurried into his son's bedroom.

The boy looked up at him again, his face white and streaked with tears. Dr. Moore began to read—to read, in a gay and rollicking voice, what he had just written:

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse...

The long poem was totally unlike anything Clement C. Moore ever wrote before or afterward. But millions of children have been enchanted by it for generations without end. And the one child for whom it was written? He liked it, too—liked it so well that he kept on living for Christmas, and for sixty years thereafter!

Special Feature



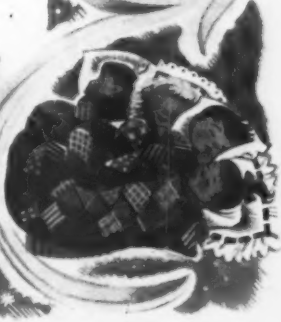
A VISIT from ST. NICHOLAS

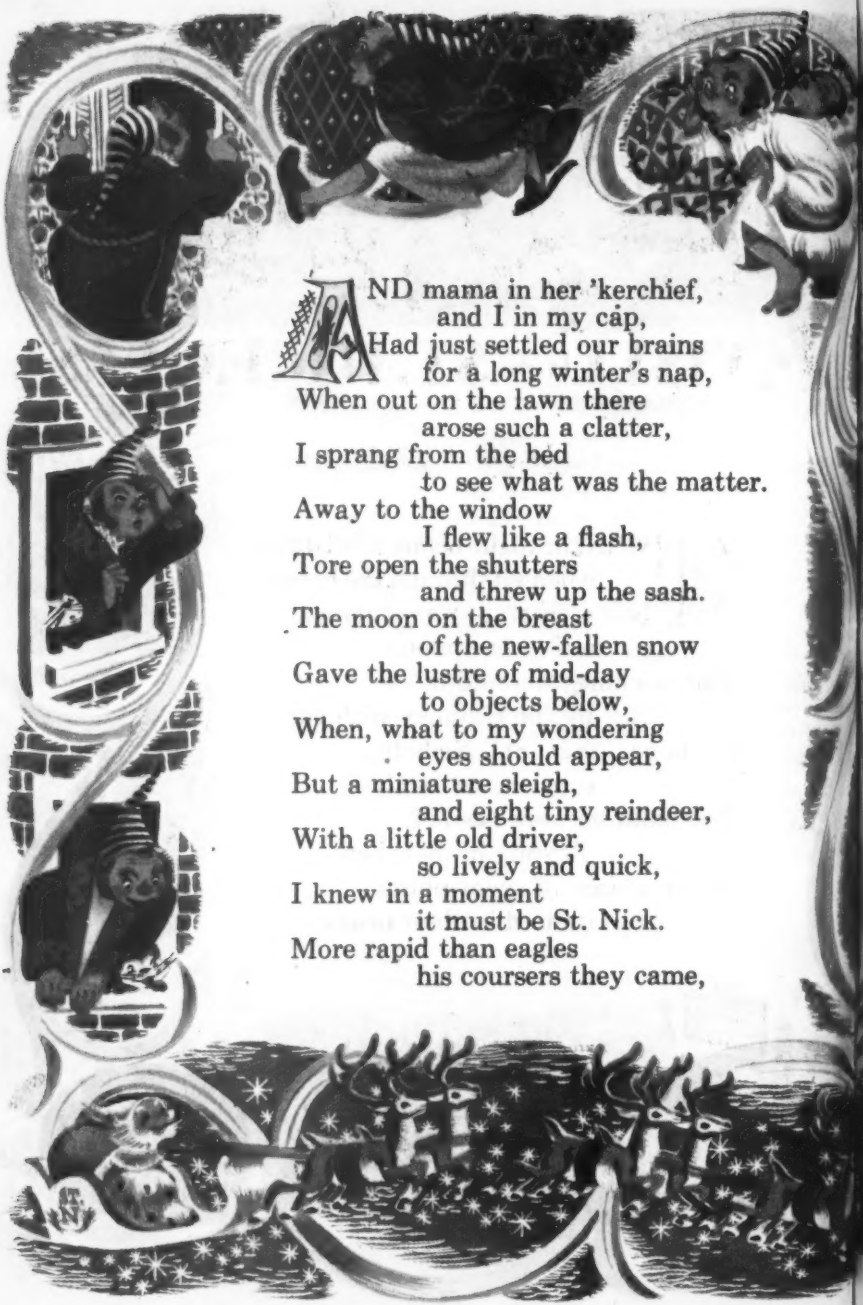
'TWAS the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there;
The children were nestled
all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums
danced in their heads;



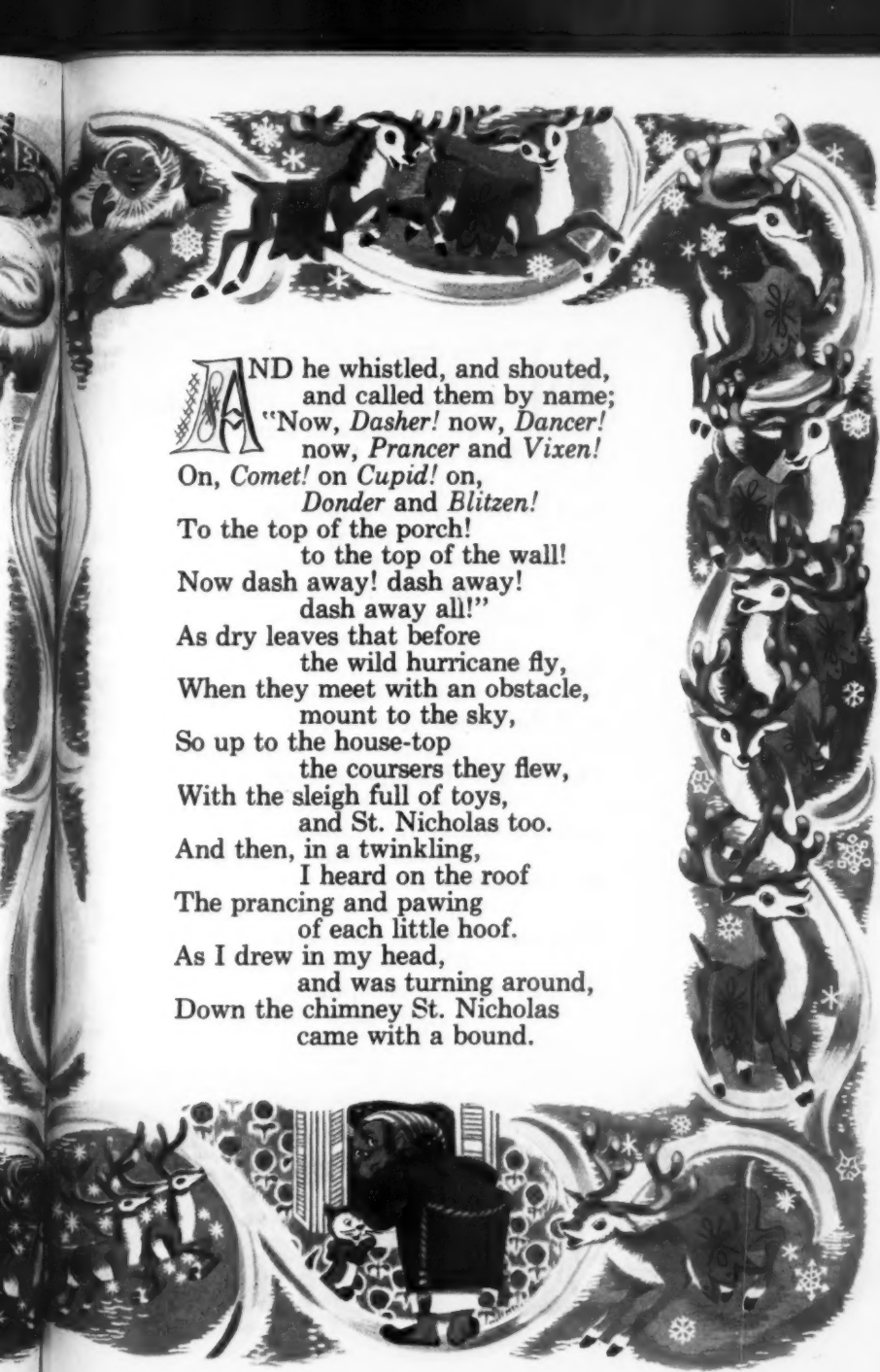




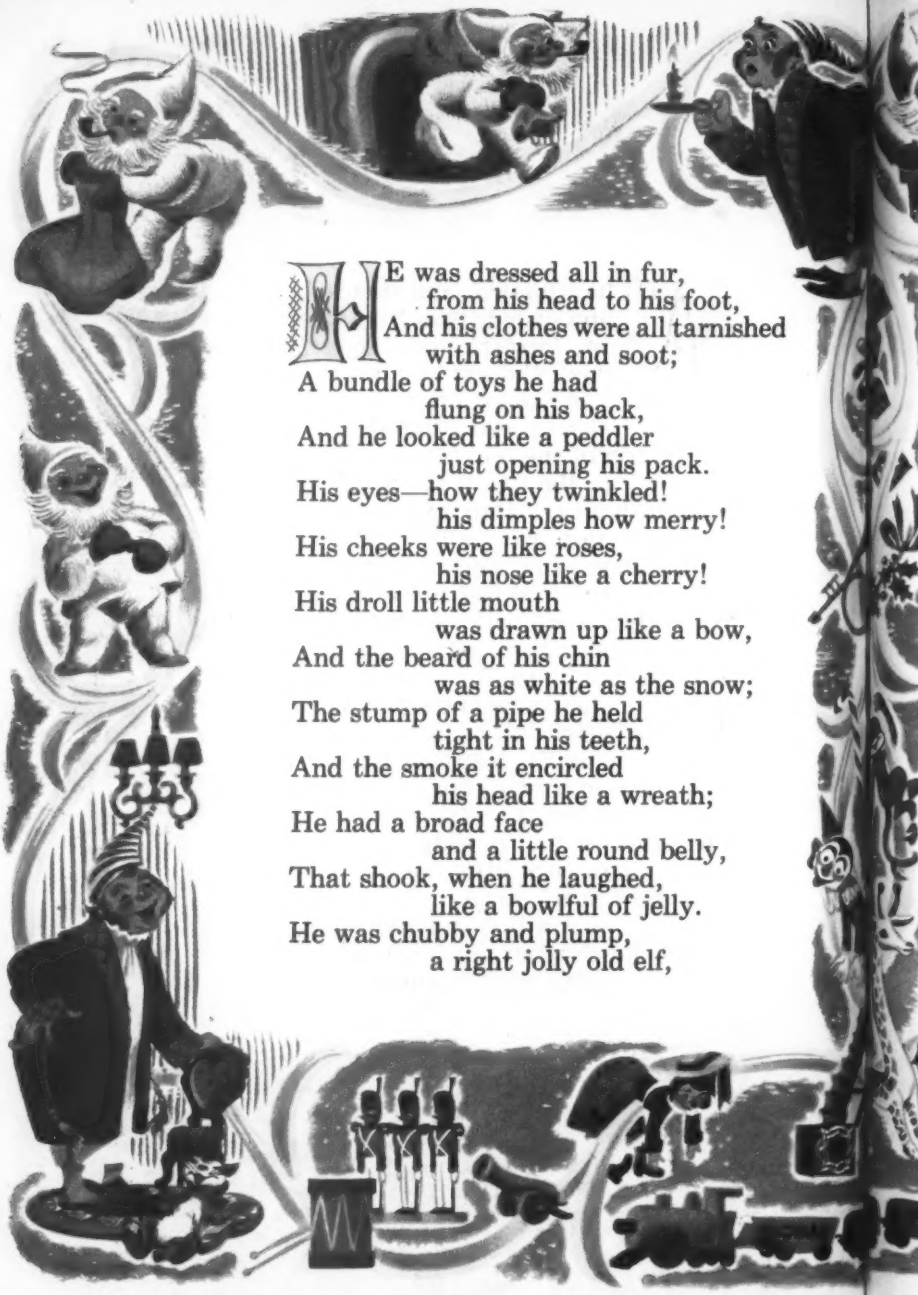




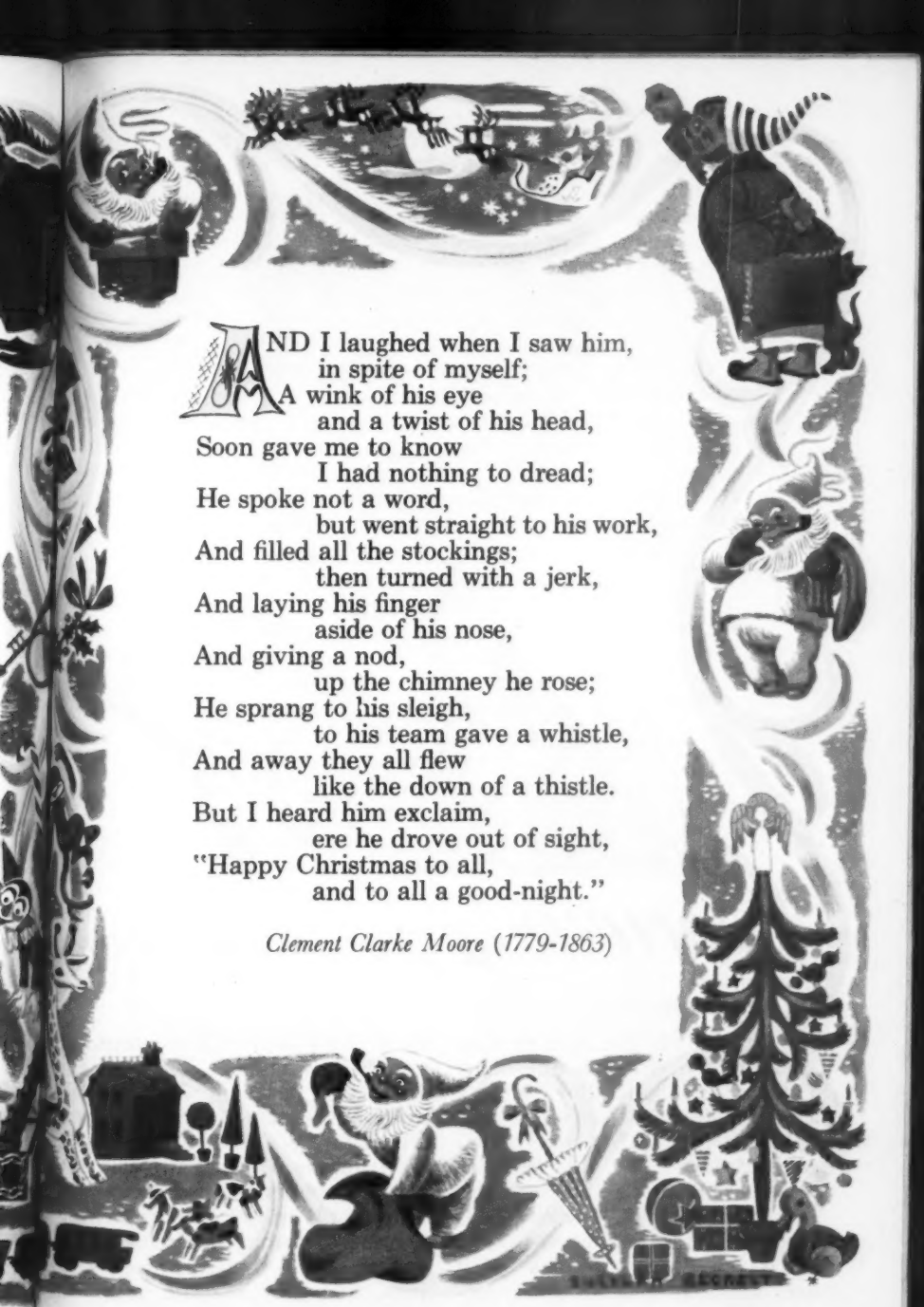
AND mama in her 'kerchief,
and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains
for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there
arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed
to see what was the matter.
Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters
and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast
of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day
to objects below,
When, what to my wondering
eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh,
and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver,
so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles
his coursers they came,



AND he whistled, and shouted,
and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!*
now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on *Cupid!* on,
Donder and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch!
to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away!
dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before
the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top
the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,
and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling,
I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing
of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head,
and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound.



HE was dressed all in fur,
from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had
flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler
just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled!
his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses,
his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth
was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin
was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held
tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled
his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face
and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed,
like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,
a right jolly old elf,



AND I laughed when I saw him,
in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye
and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word,
but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings;
then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger
aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,
up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh,
to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew
like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim,
ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all,
and to all a good-night."

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)



PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

Corwin of the Airwaves

by CAMERON SHIPP

A TALL, blonde girl named Lou Ashworth sits in a tidy office in Columbia Broadcasting System's sleek building in Hollywood and explains patiently but firmly, two or three times a day, that Norman Corwin would not be interested in a 25 hundred-dollar-a-week job as a motion picture producer.

Miss Ashworth copes with three hundred or more other telephone calls daily—all propositions, one kind or another. She also examines the fan mail, which arrives at the rate of two to three thousand letters for each Corwin broadcast.

Meantime, the object of all this interest reclines in a deck chair on a hilltop in West Los Angeles writing about world unity, molecules, GIs, or any number of surprising subjects, and dropping the pages on

the grass. Nearby, and practically naked like Corwin, Yip Harburg, who wrote the lyrics for *Bloomer Girl* and many popular songs, toils over a new musical comedy.

When literature palls one or the other suggests, "Let's play." They bat a softball around for half an hour, and return sweating and red-faced to their chores.

It sounds easy, delightful, and careless, and it isn't any of those things. The labor required to produce first-rate writing goes on into the night against deadlines as merciless as clocks. The rewriting is tedious and tremendous. A completed Corwin script looks as if it had been written by hand and then corrected on a typewriter.



What Corwin produces, as every radio owner is likely to know, are some of the most distinguished plays on the air. He is honored with his name in the title of a coast-to-coast broadcast—*Columbia Presents Corwin*. His shows are collected and published in book form—an unusual thing for radio, whose works seldom endure longer than the scent of the soap they sell. He writes exactly what it pleases him to write and nothing else. He produces his shows and directs the music. Millions listen. He is a new type of man, a thoroughly accredited great radio playwright.

"Everything in radio is as fleeting as a butterfly's cough," says Corwin, yet his creations are already becoming classics.

His brother Emil recalls that Norman's first efforts as a public entertainer were devoted to making buttons disappear in his ear when he was a small boy in east Boston. He went on from there, after recovering from ear surgery, to writing a book at the age of seven (not published), to composing whoppers to entertain other small fry, to town-wide fame as a high school author, disdain for a college education, and seven rugged years on the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*.

Brother Emil was a brilliant student at Massachusetts Agricultural College, and another brother, Alfred, went to Harvard. They influenced Norman greatly. He enjoyed their college textbooks, played intensely with chemistry, followed the literary journals and columnists, and when still in knee pants could be induced, for a bribe, to write a theme worth an A at Harvard.

Father of the Corwins was a plate printer, employing an archaic process not improved since it was first invented by the Chinese thousands of years ago. Plate printing is used for very special documents. It is precise and beautiful. All of the Corwin boys worked in the shop at one time or another, and the influence is obvious. Norman is forgetful, his hours are fantastic, his education informal, but when it comes to a final script or a final production, he demands perfection.

Norman got into newspaper work by writing sixty letters to New England newspapers. One of

them landed him a job on the Greenfield (Mass.) *Recorder.* He became motion picture critic in Greenfield, and was eventually barred from every theatre in town. They liked him even less than he liked their shows. He moved on to the Springfield *Republican.* There, for seven years, he wrote some of the most vivid newspaper prose in New England, edited a radio page which was nationally copied, covered anything and everything, and never won a by-line. But he met Carlo Trangesi.

Trangesi vowed that he could roll an ash can faster than anybody in the world. He told Norman that ash can rolling was a neglected sport, and Corwin solemnly offered this thesis on Page 1 of the austere *Republican.* A competitor was found for Trangesi and the Ash Can Derby of Springfield was held.

New York and other metropolitan papers carried accounts of it, and an enormous good time was had by all, especially by Corwin. This was his first venture at entertaining the public on a national scale.

Mulling over the past the other day, Corwin said: "Ash can rolling makes as good sense aesthetically and thrill-wise as any other sport. I prefer it to horse-racing."

Unhappy on the *Republican* at $32.50 a week, cut from 35 dollars when the five-day week was invented, Norman worried about his future, his work, his health, the state of the nation and the state of the world. To be sure, there was cause to worry, for we were on the threshold of strange events in those early 1930s.

Norman had a file labeled "Projects." It was his ambition to become an advertising slogan writer. His composition in this field of *belles-lettres,* like everything else he did, was prodigious. He produced more than a thousand slogans, which he tried in vain to peddle. He also wrote a musical comedy attacking Fascism, and he set down hundreds of ideas for plays.

Corwin's first nationally published writings were three poems entitled "Candid Cameragraphs," sold to *Esquire* three years ago. Brother Emil sent a telegram: "Congratulations. I predict a brilliant future."

Near the end of his seven years in Springfield, Norman began to read late news bulletins over the local station. Before Springfield knew what was happening, he had two shows running simultaneously: *Rhymes and Cadences,* which he evolved because he was incensed by the honeyed way certain radio persons read poetry, and *Norman Corwin's Journal,* in which he began saying what he pleased.

He went to New York to become radio director for a motion picture publicity office and carried his gripe against poetry with organ music along with him. He wrote a letter to Elliott Sanger of WQXR, who found a spot for him as an experiment. Thus began the *Poetic License* series which led Corwin, in 1938, straight into the Hall of Fame.

He wrote *Words Without Music,* and within ten months won the highest dramatic award of the year, the Institute of Education's first prize. He wrote *They Fly Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease,*

The Plot to Overthrow Christmas, Seems Radio Is Here to Stay, the twenty-six Workshop plays, his well-known *Bill of Rights* show last December, *We Hold These Truths,* and *On a Note of Triumph,* which celebrated V-E Day.

All of these plays, and many others, were written, produced and directed by Corwin. His pioneering music and sound effects are still ahead of their time.

He Stars the Common Man

While Corwin was reporting for the Springfield *Republican,* he met a citizen whom he later developed into one of the greatest radio stars of all time.

Renown blazed suddenly around the Common Man in the middle '30s, but Corwin knew him when. He found him to be a man of dignity, salty humor, pity, and foibles, with the smell of hot dogs and destiny on him.

The affinity that sprang up between the young reporter and the No. 1 citizen of the world has endured warmly. Combined with brilliance, unquenchable curiosity, a sense of history, lusty humor, and techniques as full of surprises as next month's millinery—all supplied by Corwin—the result has been a series of unforgettable plays.

The Common Man has starred, or has played leading character parts, in virtually all of these works. They are programs which pop the eyes of the intelligent listener, drowsing by his radio with grim patience, wincing at commercials and wondering whether it wouldn't be braver simply to smash the darn thing with an axe.

The national impact of a hundred radio plays over a period of seven years, all dedicated to democracy, some of them heard by as many as sixty million persons, is obvious but at the same time incalculable. It is too early, historically, to guess how much Corwin has influenced these times. Possibly, he is more of an interpreter of *vox pop* than a teacher. At any rate, he is significant. Apparently casual, absent-minded, bedeviled by daily crises such as remembering to eat, Corwin is both politically and dramatically important.

His radio shows are not shows you listen to casually while doing the dishes. Either you pay attention to him or you shut him up. The Corwin product is aimed at adults, is likely to be deadly serious about such things as the Bill of Rights or home-grown Fascists.

To explain the Corwin phenomenon is simply to explain how Corwin met the Common Man, which is easy, and to show how he gets his astonishing effects over the air, which is difficult.

The Springfield *Republican,* a meticulous newspaper, covered all the local lectures. The early '30s punctuated a new era with discourses on social significance, just as the turn of the century exclaimed over Browning Clubs, Chautauqua, and bird lore. Young Corwin was the reporter who took notes on the platforms of the '30s. He was a careful note-taker and he remembered. Thus he both met and studied his Common Man.

When he became a prodigious radio writer, producer and director ("an industry, not a man," somebody said), he kicked out most pre-

viously known radio techniques. The difference between Corwin's way and the way of the soap operas, for instance, is the difference between tom-tom and television. To begin with—and it's likely that even veteran Corwin fans hadn't noticed—a Corwin show usually opens cold. No build-up. No time wasted setting the stage or introducing the characters, no explanations whatever. Bang, and you're off. It's flattering: Corwin expects radio audiences to have good sense.

Doors don't squeak and slam in Corwin shows, telephones don't ring, footsteps don't scuff gravel, and horses don't gallop unless the exact sound they make is essential to the story. Turn on your radio. There's a mystery play or a melodrama or a soap opera on the air right now. Listen to the non-essential noise and hackneyed sound effects. Reflect how much better it would be if so many doors didn't bang. And how much better it would be without that frequent honey-tongued commercial from the announcer.

Corwin's musical notations startle the maestros who make background music, but they like to work for him. For a play about New York, he instructed his orchestra to devise "an interlude suggesting the annoyance of Fifth Avenue at having to cross Broadway."

In *We Hold These Truths,* he prescribed a "base of a pyramid, with a suggestion of suspense." Try that one on your piano. Corwin's orchestra leader figured it out, and played it.

But his chief contribution to the use of music on radio has been not only to abandon the tedium of the theme song, but to use music without words to tell a story sequence.

Along with this, he has developed a method of employing choral effects which is comprehensible to professional musicians only. He was the first to stress importantly the use of the three components—sound, speech and music—fusing them dynamically or stressing them separately, for story-telling purposes. To use his own phrase, he was first to use music "as more than the mortar between the bricks."

You didn't, of course, notice these things the last time you listened to *Columbia Presents Corwin,* but they are there, and you can hear them.

Corwin's most ingenious use of music in story-telling was heard in *Appointment,* in which he wanted to *show* his audience a prisoner escaping from jail, running across a prison yard, climbing a wall, being picked up by searchlights, and being shot to death by machine guns. This entire sequence was told in music, without a word from anybody. Millions of listeners understood perfectly; Corwin played with their imaginations from coast-to-coast, but the chances are that few persons realized what was happening to them.

For Fun, For Glory

When one of his shows is being rehearsed, a process that requires at least eight and a half hours before a half-hour play goes on the air, Corwin sends the orchestra to one practice room, the chorus to another, while he takes on the actors himself. Lionel Barrymore,

Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Groucho Marx and Orson Welles are proud to work with him for fun, for glory, and for the union scale, which is seldom more than $36.30. Since the show is unsponsored, put on by Columbia entirely as a public service, there is no vast advertising budget with which to pay performers. Corwin gets them anyway.

He begins by reading the entire script aloud. Then he retires to the control room. A man behind the double glass of the radio control room has the appearance of being suspended inside an aquarium, but Corwin is dramatic. He waves his hands and indicates build-ups and suspense with shoulder hunches and grimaces. His comments are patient, literate, and often funny.

He never scolds. But he does not temporize with players, no matter how famous, who attempt to change his lines. The actor doesn't live who can improve a Corwin line, and actors know it.

When orchestra, singers and actors are brought together, the real dynamics of a Corwin show begin to take shape. But Corwin always worries. The orchestra sounds "tubby." A steel gate should close with a "scr-a-ang," not a bang. Crowd noises should be more scrambled. Some footsteps necessary to the story sound false.

CORWIN scripts are so carefully written that his lines are typed to resemble poetry. That is because Corwin wants to indicate not only pauses and emphasis, but just where actors should inhale and exhale.

Sometimes he descends happily to doggerel. In *The Undecided Molecule,* guaranteed the first appearance of a molecule on the air, the molecule complains about the prospect of being human:

There's water on the knee
And athlete's toes,
The doctor's fee
And the running nose.

Aching bursitises
Rashes and rickets
Colitis and worse itises
And parking tickets.

You can get neurasthenia
A blizzard can chill you
Your wife can be meannya
A dentist drill you.

A plaintiff can sue you
A bite give malaria
If no lover woo you,
Alas, misereria!

"Not poetry, not at all," says Corwin of serious plays like *On a Note of Triumph.* But he is writing for the ear, and when you write for the ear, you consciously deal in pleasant and unusual sounds, which is at least one way of defining poetry.

Corwin's prose-poetry style derives from wide, untutored dipping into all forms of English literature, but most particularly into Carl Sandburg. He considers Sandburg's *The People, Yes* a contribution to thought and letters which transcends even Shakespeare. If he writes like anybody, he writes like Sandburg.

Sandburg likes Corwin, too, and wrote him a letter to say so:

"You assemble, orchestrate, time and chime. To have the technique, and then have something of history, past and present, to shape and utter with

it, so it haunts listeners with big meaning for this hour, that is being alive. I am proud to have known you, and I pray your health and strength keep."

Sandburg, like Carl Van Doren and Vincent Sheean—other Corwin admirers—began his letter with the confession that he had never before written a fan letter.

Every fan letter to Norman Corwin gets a personal answer. He does not receive fan mail in the sense that a movie star gets it. His letter-writers, many of them famous persons, write because they are inspired ideologically by what he says and want to join his battle for the Common Man, for literacy on the air, for world unity, for freedom of speech.

"My fan letters are better written than my programs," he says. "They're simple, straight, honest. They require answers."

He is a "yes man" of the most affirmative stripe. He cannot refuse to do a program for a friend, to make a speech, or to write a piece for a magazine. He is, therefore, continually behind with his own labors.

Worry Is His Pastime

Corwin is 35 years old, six feet tall, and weighs 175 pounds. He is invariably in rugged, bronzed health, but his medicine chest contains all the vials, serums, and nostrums he can buy. He ails enthusiastically, often predicts a sore throat 24 hours in advance, and is never wrong. Close associates, who are rather fond of his hypochondriac terrors, regard them seriously in his presence and please him by recommending new panaceas. Since he neither drinks nor smokes, the usual boondoggling escapes of most creative persons, Corwin has hit on worrying about his health as a kind of pastime.

He is not an omnivorous reader; at least, he seems not to be, and none of his friends has ever observed him showing devoted concern over literature. He has probably absorbed so much in so short a time by some sort of psychic osmosis. Certainly his memory for facts, fancies, poetry, history and astonishing bits of lore from the sciences is precise and retentive.

He claims to regret not being a thoroughly read man, but it would be unsafe for a scholar to challenge him in any specialty. One explanation of his store of knowledge seems sensible. Corwin never forgets that he is a reporter. When he wants information on a specific theme, he surrounds that theme with every technical aid possible.

Norman is possibly as much a musician as he is a prose master and poet. He denies the poetry, but no one else does. As a musician, he is the kind of fortune-blessed man who has always been able to play by ear and to compose songs without stopping to think how he does it. This has brought about revolutionary dynamics in orchestration, and sound effects which must be heard to be appreciated. He has deleted the corn from radio music just as he has deleted it from his spoken dramas.

Corwin is the only radio writer whose works are importantly published. Indeed, it is difficult to find radio writers whose works are published at all. Book store sales of Corwin's published plays are enormous. *On a Note of Triumph* is in

the best-seller class, with new editions planned.

This opus was a technical, dramatic and poetic feat of first-rate literary quality, but note: Corwin as usual tickled his audiences with surprise. He announced the Conqueror, and when the Conqueror appeared, with fanfare, he spoke simply and with a little bewilderment. He was our old friend from Springfield, Tuscaloosa, Kansas City, and Painted Rock—the Common Man, often called GI Joe.

Production-wise, *Word from the People* was vastly more difficult. This came from San Francisco, during the United Nations Conference, and the speakers included Stettinius, Jan Masaryk, Paul Robeson, Bette Davis, Thomas Hart Benton, Carl Sandburg, and Thomas Mann. The show switched from San Francisco to Germany, to Toronto, to London, to Washington, to Paris, to Sydney, to Chungking, to Moscow, to Montevideo, to Havana—and ran only thirty seconds over its alloted time.

This kind of international dramatics offered an excellent chance for Corwin to employ a great name as master of ceremonies. His master of ceremonies was Marine Sergeant Harry Jackson, twenty years old, of Pitchfork, Wyoming.

Yet Corwin is not all social significance, poetry, and world events. He is a satirist, a burlesquer and a mocker who is capable of using both wit and low comedy. The same kind of jaw-rocking puns that gallop through his conversation also appear in his radio shows.

Corwin works hard. An average half hour show runs to 37 pages of script or approximately ten thousand words. *Words without Music,* which won him the award of the Institute of Education "for best demonstrating the cultural, artistic, and social uses of radio," ran for 25 weeks. *Americans at Work* and *Living History* played weekly for six months. This means not only the sheer skull-drudgery of writing plays good enough for coast-to-coast production, but selecting and rehearsing musicians, supervising the startling sound effects Corwin uses, and putting the entire show together and timing it to the shaved second.

CORWIN earns about 25 thousand dollars a year, counting income from books, and argues that this is enough to buy any man all the comforts he needs. He could easily earn fifteen hundred dollars a week by accepting commercial sponsorship, but so far he has declined. *Columbia Presents Corwin* is a public service, paid for by the radio company. It means that Corwin can write, direct, and perform as he pleases and that no advertiser can interfere.

Eventually, he admits, he will make motion pictures, if he can get a deal with some forthright company which will allow him a completely free hand. The result will naturally be fireworks, new and startling visual and sound effects, and some brisk blows for human dignity and liberty. Actors are certain to throng to him, as they do now in radio, because he makes sense and is no more temperamental than an old shoe.

He's a New Englander who has never lost his accent. He is unmar

ried, he is handsome, and there is considerable speculation about what intelligent (she'd have to be) filly will win the Corwin Derby. He *says* he wants to get married.

If he ever gets three months off, he will write a play for Broadway. He isn't sure what about, but he is sure that if he ever gets that much time at once, he will think of something. That seems obvious.

It is possible but not probable that a Corwin show will some day be sponsored by a national advertiser. Corwin has no native objection to being sponsored, no prejudice against making money. But he will not let an advertiser edit his scripts and he will not let one into his control room. So far, no advertiser has had the courage to sign him up.

Nevertheless, Corwin is eating regularly and well. May his star, the Common Man, never be tagged with a commercial.

Freak Squeaks



LT. OLIVER BAILEY of Memphis, Tennessee, can regale his grandchildren with a tale of one of the luckiest experiences of all times. His plane was shot down over Austria. While it plunged toward the earth, Bailey took an unexpected nose-dive out of it—minus his parachute. Down he plummeted, down towards the Alps two thousand feet below. He holed up in a deep billowy snowbank from which he climbed uninjured.



A FIRE broke out in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller of Athens, Georgia, and proceeded to turn in its own alarm. The Millers were away when the fire started and the flames burned unhindered into the wall behind the telephone. The phone clattered to the floor where the receiver bounced off the hook. An alert switchboard operator spotted the light on her board, listened to the crackle of flames, and summoned the fire department.



IN KEY WEST, Florida, there occurred a nightmare mixup for two sisters, Mrs. Humbelina Vernon and Mrs. Paraxades Ingman, who began the night peacefully enough by sleeping in a double bed. Mrs. Vernon, a restless sleeper, suddenly threw her arm over her sister's head. Mrs. Ingman, still asleep, grabbed the hand and bit it. Thinking she was being attacked, Mrs. Vernon grabbed a pistol and fired. The bullet plowed a dent in her sister's forehead.

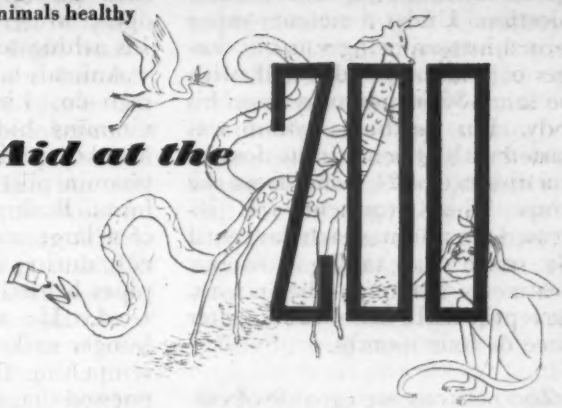


MRS. RITA HATFIELD of Chicago heard the phone ringing and ran to answer it. In her haste she tripped over her dog and crashed into a glass-topped coffee table, gashing her arms and legs. Bloody but resolute, she snatched up the phone and discovered that the party on the other end was an insurance agent engaged in a survey. Was Mrs. Hatfield, he wondered, insured against accidents in her home? She was not.

—GRACE POSTON

It requires kindness, ingenuity and brawn to keep captive animals healthy

First Aid at the ZOO



by JEAN ROSENTHAL

THERE'S A responsibility in caring for captive animals beyond that of seeing that they are properly fed and made comfortable in clean cages. Since animals are susceptible to many of man's diseases, in addition to some of their own, zoo attendants are always alert for the first signs of infection, for where animals are in close contact infection might spread rapidly unless checked at its source.

Zoo keepers ordinarily administer first aid and minor medication to sick animals, since their charges have confidence in the men who feed them. But when serious trouble arises a veterinarian is called and the keeper steps into the background, ready to serve as a nurse for his ailing charge.

Now and then, strong-arm tactics are necessary in dealing with unwilling patients, but kindness and gentleness are the rule.

A few years ago a python at the St. Louis Zoo developed a huge abscess in his throat. The animal was caught, for treatment, by tossing a cloth over its head. Seven nurses were needed to handle this nineteen-foot snake, and the job was by no means easy. The first man caught the python by the neck, directly in back of the head, and held him firmly with both hands. The next man grabbed a lower part of the long body and started to uncoil it. The seven men finally had the animal stretched taut, so there would be no danger of his deadly constricting. Then the python was laid out on a clean, sterilized floor. The men sat on the floor, holding the snake, while a sterile cloth was slid under its body. In this position they sat for more than an hour, always maintaining their hold, so that the reptile could be treated for his painful abscess.

A veterinarian then opened the infected growth from either end. Some two and a half quarts of matter were drawn off. A flush gun filled with antiseptic cleaned the opening and an ultraviolet ray lamp radiated the inside of the wound to kill any bacteria which might have remained. Next, the whole body of the snake was heated by a mercury-vapor lamp to build

up resistance to relapses or further infection. Under a mercury-vapor lamp a human being starts at dosages of a minute and a half, with the lamp 36 inches away from his body. But the huge python was started with fifteen-minute dosages at a distance of 24 inches from the lamp. This treatment was increased ten minutes each day, until the snake was taking one-hour treatments. A blond to begin with, the reptile had a beautiful tan after three or four months.

Zoo DOCTORS are capable of curing almost any disease an animal may have, but prevention is still the best cure, and most zoos emphasize preventive medicine. They stress adequately ventilated surroundings and the best possible lighting. Despite precautions, however, illnesses do occur, and a person close to the animals comes to recognize definite symptoms.

In treating the large cats, like tigers, and other large, dangerous animals, veterinarians and animal dentists use what is known as the "squeeze cage." This is simply a large cage with movable walls and bars. When the ailing animal is placed inside, the walls are gradually moved in on it until there is no room to stretch or move in any direction.

The bars of the cage are adjustable so that the doctors can reach any part of the animal without exposing themselves to danger. One lion with a sore tooth was shut in by the moving walls of the "squeeze cage." His paws were roped and a shot of nembutal was administered to deaden his nerves against the pain of the treatment. Ropes held his upper and lower jaws open, while the dentist repaired his aching tooth.

Animals take medicine much as men do. Lions usually eat their vitamins hidden in their meat. Monkeys prefer their medicine and vitamin pills in chocolate-covered form. Bushman, the prize gorilla of a large zoo, found eating difficult during the period when the pipes behind his cage were being fixed. He went on a nervous hunger strike. Nothing seemed to tempt him. But the zoo authorities guessed that a laxative might help, so they squirted a syringe filled with Castoria into his mouth. The 535-pound beauty was cured.

In another case a tiger went on a hunger strike. He started by refusing food for days at a time, then fasted for six straight weeks. During this time he drank a little water, but ate none of the meat offered him. At the end of his strike, after he had lost much weight, he commenced to eat ravenously. A while later he again refused food and eventually died of starvation. An autopsy performed to find the cause of his fasting showed nothing.

The veterinarian in charge, realizing that when an animal goes on a fasting spell it must be forced to take food, developed an idea which has since saved many animal lives. An oily substance containing vitamins and other nutritional elements is smeared on the paws and faces of the fasting beasts. True to instinct, they lick their paws and faces clean.

Diet, generally, is a subject of great interest to the zoo people. In many cases synthetic formulae

have to be found to provide diet requirements which animals would otherwise get from nature. For the first time, for instance, humming birds can be kept in captivity because a successful diet has been found for them. The birds eat several times their weight in nectar daily, and no amount of shrubbery and plant life in a zoo could possibly give them sufficient quantities of food. But doctors have found that a mixture of honey, extract of beef, water and cod liver oil and powdered milk will keep the little birds well and happy.

Animal medication and surgery are similar to human medication and surgery. Often medicines are tried first on the zoo creatures. Sulfa drugs were used on animals before they were approved for man. Penicillin, too, is now used for curing animals as well as human beings. The effects of these drugs on animals are much the same as on man—a dimming of perception, shortness of breath, and often nausea. Animals are often given sedatives and anesthetics. Certain animals, however, will not take certain drugs. A cat, for instance goes crazy when given morphine.

Animals have their temperatures taken, their pulses and heartbeats measured, and undergo X-ray and fluoroscopic examination and all other methods of diagnosis and treatment science provides.

Animals are subject to our common cold, but some zoos have found that the glass placed before the bars of cages has improved their health record by preventing onlookers from infecting the beasts. Dogs are never allowed in zoos for fear that distemper (animal influenza) may affect the wild dogs, the bears and the cat family. As soon as an animal acts or looks ill, he is quarantined.

A vexing question frequently asked is: What happens when a giraffe gets a sore throat? There are possibly many treatments, dependent only on the ingenuity of the attending veterinarian, but the most common one is to steam medication into a closed cage so that the animal will be forced to inhale it into its respiratory passages. It is the old, steaming-kettle method of curing colds.

But whatever the illness and whatever the method for treating it, no animal is ever allowed to languish in pain; no effort is spared to find cures for our sick animals in captivity.

Monument Manners



MILTON WRIGHT relates an intriguing story of repartee that was carried on even after death. A certain rich man, married to a nagging wife, asked that she carve on his tombstone the words: "He rests in peace." This she did upon his passing, but when his will was read and the widow discovered that someone else had inherited the bulk of his fortune, she had this line added to the inscription on his tombstone: "Until we meet again!" —JOHN NEWTON BAKER

Hundreds are combining work in the city with a bit of land in the country



You CAN Be a SPARE-TIME *Farmer*

by GUS LARSON AND A. B. GENUNG

MANY ORDINARY folk with jobs or businesses in town would like to do a little farming in their spare time and need only some encouragement or advice to try it. We think they have the right idea.

A bit of land has plenty to offer anyone who seriously wants to farm on the side and is willing to work for what he gets. We have seen it tried, and tried successfully, in scores of instances.

Of course, there are many different ways to farm part-time. There are the standard things like gardens and chickens and maybe pigs. And these are usually the safest. But there are also things like mink and silver fox for fur; lilacs, Shetland ponies, bees, goats, flower seeds, white mice and guinea pigs; frogs, goldfish, mushrooms, or perhaps oil plants like peppermint. These, too, fit the part-time homestead picture. If you add birds, herbs, cranberries, and small-type turkeys, you still have only a rough idea of the variety. But don't forget we're talking about part-time farming—that means only a few hours on the soil each week and a job or business to provide the cash.

How much land does one need to become a part-time farmer? That depends upon what you want to do. You might need anywhere from a half acre up. To raise your own fruits and vegetables, fifteen or twenty chickens, and still have enough room for the youngsters to kick and run, an acre is plenty. But if you want to keep some livestock you'll need more acreage. Fifty hens will require perhaps an acre of grain. A cow or a horse requires about five acres each for hay, grain and pasture. Three pigs should have an acre of pasture through the summer and another acre for grain.

A ten-acre place that doesn't have too much wasteland is rough-

ly enough to raise the fruits, vegetables, pork, milk and other food you will want for your family. You won't go in for much grain growing because that takes machinery and time. You'll be better off if you buy most of the grain you need for a few animals or chickens.

How much income can you expect from a place of this size? There is no set figure for that. Some men and some places will produce more than others. A man with ten acres in Maine sold only twelve dollars' worth of blueberries in a year, while another in Maryland sold eight hundred dollars' worth of vegetables. But it's pretty safe to figure that your farm will provide you with a good part of your food—probably as much as three-fourths of it—and also lower rent or taxes. You won't get much cash income from the ordinary part-time farm. You'll have to depend on your job or business for that. Just remember, it's a way to make a living, not to get rich.

Some part-time farmers do a lot with a small lake. They raise fish instead of livestock, and find time for swimming and boating and catching the fish they raise. An earth dam can usually be thrown up with scrapers in three or four days. To get the food for the fish, some fertilize the ponds so plants and water organisms will grow. These one to three acre ponds have been known to produce two hundred to three hundred pounds of fish for every acre of lake, at a cost of about six cents a pound. That's cheaper food than you can get on the same acreage feeding livestock.

One of the writers of this article built such a pond, making the original earth dam and scraping a basin with a team and scraper. In the end, however, he got a power shovel to come in and do a real job, making deep holes for fish to winter in and throwing up an island in the center. One day's work with the shovel accomplished all this, at a cost of thirty dollars. The total cost of that acre pond has been about two hundred dollars including a concrete core for the dam, a bridge to the island, water lilies and fish. You would only have to eat a barbecued steak once on the little spruce-screened island, or take a quick dip after a day in the hayfield to appreciate how big the dividends are.

To be one's own boss from breakfast to sundown is the goal of many who have a yen for the country. There are plenty of fellows who have reached that goal. They get their three meals a day, a place to live, some cash in their pockets and a lot of fun. They work on the land for groceries and low living costs, and earn a little extra at a trade, skill, or profession they really like.

But to "earn a little" you need an idea. One farmer with four acres of land and a forty-hour-a-week job in town kept his eyes open. He noticed that plenty of folks were paying fancy prices every spring and fall for trees and shrubs. He was located along a main highway so he set out some nursery stock in a field by the road and waited to see what would happen. He soon found he didn't have enough stock to supply the demand. Customers began rapping on his door. In addition to trees

and shrubs they wanted flowers and bulbs, and spring plants like cabbage, cauliflower, peppers—in fact, everything needed for gardening and landscaping.

After five years this part-time farmer quit his job in a plow-shop and gave all his time to his nursery and farm. A change to the country put him on his own.

In the Susquehanna Valley a few miles below Williamsport, a craftsman farmer has his own little shop in which he makes knives of all kinds from old saw blades. A good butcher knife sells for a dollar and a half, a paring knife for fifty cents, a big saw-edged meat knife for five dollars. He can step up to his bench and make any kind of knife you want. And business is good. As you drive off you will see a couple of Jersey cows, pigs, chickens, a goat tied near the barn, and fruit trees and a garden. This farmer-businessman, by combining something he likes doing with a few hours' work in the sunshine each day, is making his living in his own free way.

Harry Heelhurst has an attractive stone gas station with plenty of flower beds and Lombardy poplars. One wing of the stone building serves as home for him and his wife. And he has a radio repair shop in the other wing that keeps him busy while his wife waits on the gas customers. Back of the house he has his little "farm"—vegetables and fruit, chickens, and sometimes a pig or two. The whole thing cost him 65 hundred dollars. He had only 25 hundred dollars to start, but he borrowed the rest. Harry was offered ten thousand dollars a few months ago for his place but he refused to sell. After all, that's his living—and what's more, the idea was all his own. As he says, "Where would I be better off if I sold out?"

PLENTY OF American towns have nothing but second and third rate restaurants. That should mean something to the fellow who knows of a nice big farmhouse—pleasant and clean and in nice surroundings, with enough land for chickens and vegetables. That farmhouse, with the right management and good country-style food, might become a profitable business for someone. Americans like that sort of thing.

A combination farm and recreation business has possibilities, too. Thousands are already in this field, but there are still opportunities for those with drive and ideas and a willingness to work. More than ever, now that the war is over, we'll be a nation on wheels looking for spots to picnic, hunt and fish.

We have seen these recreation business and farm spots up and down and across the United States. There was the fishing camp where we loafed by a spruce-lined lake in the Adirondacks. Back of the camp was a ten-acre farm that supplied the food for summer vacationers. There is also the spot in the White Mountains that puts up both summer boarders and winter weekenders from the Boston ski train. Plenty of ordinary places, too, are making money. A tourist farm on the road to Indianapolis, for example, or a dude ranch in Wyoming, within reach of elk and mountain trout. In every one of these places someone had an idea

for using recreation as a salable product, and by combining a farm with it cashed in.

Dick Pearson has been farming on the side for the past six years. The night we called on him in upstate New York he was reading up on home freezers. Dick had his heart set on eating corn-on-the-cob, with that fresh-picked flavor, in January. He wanted to quick-freeze some pork loin and some of those geese we almost ran over in the yard. Dick had in mind a used thirteen-cubic-foot model that sold new for about 450 dollars, and held about seven hundred pounds of food at below zero temperature.

When Dick pulled stakes in town and bought his run-down place he had twelve hundred dollars in cash and earned about fifty dollars a week. He paid out nine hundred dollars for the place. He had the help of a wife who liked to work and three youngsters. For his money he got ten acres of not very good farm land and nearly sixty acres of swamp and brush land. The house and buildings didn't amount to much.

The first year he bought a Jersey cow with one injured quarter—that is, she gave milk from three teats. He paid only 35 dollars for Millie, though she boasted some blue blood. Millie was already bred and from her he raised a fine heifer calf. He still has that old cow, besides three frisky heifers from her in six years. He also has some chickens, two sows, a dog, and a batch of kittens. Dick usually sells fifteen or twenty young pigs a year, besides killing two or three shoats for family use.

Dick's sixty acres of woods and swamp aren't worth a nickel for growing crops, but they add up to fun and profit for the Pearsons, who go to the woods for firewood, fence posts, huckleberries, nuts, leaves for bedding in dry seasons, and Christmas trees. But best of all Dick has a place to shoot. Now and then he knocks over a rabbit or pheasant.

The lady of the house showed us her work spot and some of the things that came out of it. There were a few crocks of butter, some home-cured ham, a couple of slabs of bacon, some home-made dandelion wine, all produced right on the place—mostly by Mrs. Pearson with the help of the children. She estimated that her garden had produced two hundred dollars' worth of food for the Pearson pantry last year.

The Pearsons are sure they want to stay in the country. They feel they are better off there. No rent—and taxes and insurance stay at about 75 dollars a year. They are minus a bathroom, but they plan to have one soon.

SOME of those fortunate people who don't have to worry about money, also like to do a little gentleman farming for relaxation.

Usually, they like to experiment. They may hire an expert to buy them a nice herd where every cow gives a washtub full of milk and cream a day. Of course, these spoon-fed bovines will be carefully entered in a social register of their own, kept by a herd association.

These fellows can have a lot of fun, too, with a battery of hothouses filled with grapes, melons or orchids. Or their chief interest

may be in specially fattened pigs, their hams cured by recipes as carefully guarded as the gold at Fort Knox; or in a flock of Holland turkeys fattened on English walnuts for a Christmas dinner; or an artificial trout pond; or a vineyard of selected grapes plus a convenient winery; or a bluegrass pasture dotted with spirited thoroughbreds; or a white-tiled dairy. But as we said, these folks have money.

Farming isn't all beer and skittles, especially for the newcomer. Plenty make mistakes, and you will too. When you are ready to get started in your part-time venture the best thing you can do is to write to your state agricultural college and see your county agricultural agent. There is plenty of literature, too, that you can get free from the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The more you read in advance, the less you will have to learn.

It's a good idea, too, to start on something more than a shoestring. Probably you should have five hundred dollars to a thousand dollars plus your job. You can always get credit but there's no substitute for money in the bank. If you haven't any money at all, better rent a place first.

Be sure to get on an all-weather road; and see that the place has a comfortable house, good water supply, and electricity already in or nearby. If you ignore any of these four factors, you'll be sorry.

Don't undertake more farming than you can handle. That is one of the most common mistakes. If your job in town is really the main thing, keep it so in your plans. Don't think of the farm as anything more than a secondary job. Don't aim, at first, for much more than a good garden and perhaps a few hens. Later you may want pigs, a cow or two, more poultry, and fruit. But start out slowly.

And do a lot of thinking about the future of your job before you anchor yourself to a little country place. If you should lose the job, could you sell your country place readily if you wanted to move somewhere else?

Take your time about buying a farm, whether it's one acre or a hundred acres. Talk it over again and again. When you are sure you want such a place, look around. Then look around some more. Keep on looking. Remember, there are thousands of spots in the rings around most cities where part-time farming is a good bet.

So, if you really want to live on the land, go to it! With the use of ordinary common sense in getting established, and with some good Yankee drive, plus a willing and helpful family, it's a great life.

Pacemaker

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Tommy was no mental giant, but he stoutly refused to harbor an inferiority complex. When someone asked how he was getting along at school, he replied: "I think I'm doing all right. I'm the fastest one in the slow group!" —*Factory Chairman*

Doing things for others is a certain cure for nerves and that tired feeling

How to Make a Hobby of Kindness

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

I KNOW A MAN who finds nails and tacks, sharp stones, pieces of glass and chunks of tin better for his nerves than pills. The dosage is taken differently but is effective. Here is how I found out about it:

We were rolling along the highway when suddenly this fellow pulled over and stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as he slipped out from behind the steering wheel. "Got a flat tire?"

"No, but I might have had; and if I didn't, someone else would."

Through the rear view mirror, I saw him pick up something in the road and throw it aside.

"Just a chunk of wood with a nail in it," he explained.

"You got by all right. Why worry about it?"

"Some poor devil would go flat on it, and tires are too scarce nowadays. Besides, it keeps my mind off worries."

"That's a new one. Go on."

He grinned. "Well, I've found it has a practical value. For me at least, 'a good deed a day keeps the jitters away.'"

I learned he was making a hobby of looking for little things he could do for other people without attracting attention. In doing that, he had found a way to keep his mind occupied and to get the emotional upsurge that spontaneous kindness always yields.

This fellow had hit on something new—the idea of not only keeping himself free from irritation by being busy, but also of doing a good job of it by being active for others rather than for himself. I had always been vaguely aware that kind-hearted people were usually happier and better balanced than others. I decided to keep an eye open for others who might have this same hobby.

Soon after this I met a middle-aged man who exuded buoyancy. He swept in on me like a high-pressure salesman, but he had nothing to sell. In fact, the war had put a crimp in his business.

"What peps you up?" I asked. "Your profits are shot, but you seem to be on top of the world."

"Well, my 'day-maker' was working today," he answered.

He was reluctant to talk, but I

coaxed from him what he meant by his "day-maker." Every morning he looked for something he might do for someone else that would "make" or tone up that day for him.

One day he bought out "Apple Mary's" supply of fruit and sent her home for a rest. The day I talked to him, he had watched a newsboy desert his stand to help a blind man cross a busy intersection. His "day-maker" consisted of slipping a dollar bill under the horseshoe holding down a pile of papers and then, from a doorway, watching the newsboy's pleased astonishment at the greenback.

Or he would tell his bootblack that his shoes shone brighter than a mirror. He would have a kind word for the "white wing" and a greeting for the traffic policeman.

One day he noted that his elevator operator seemed downcast, and learned the man had a child in the hospital. He got the address and sent flowers. He found a neighbor's child who was gifted in music but was unable to pay for lessons. He secured a teacher to instruct the boy without charge because he showed real promise.

EVERYWHERE there is evidence that worries over today's turbulence and insecurity are being converted into expressions of kindness and good will that seek no acclaim and no return. In all the turmoil, many people are beginning to realize that little courtesies, particularly to strangers, lift up their spirits so much that they feel new confidence in humanity and new faith in themselves.

It's really an adult variation of the Boy Scout idea which helped to make that movement great—the "Do a good turn daily" rule. Incidentally, it was just such a thing that brought Dr. James E. West into the movement and made him its chief executive from 1911 until his retirement in 1943.

It was while Theodore Roosevelt was president that West, a young Washington lawyer, one night parked his auto outside a settlement house. Later he found his car was gone. Police located it several blocks down the street. They found a boy at the wheel and arrested him. It looked like a prison term for the youngster, but West, although subpoenaed as the complaining witness, volunteered to act as attorney for the accused.

He established that a bunch of kids in a moment of mischief had pushed the car down the street for fun; the motor was still locked. The boy was discharged.

But the case wasn't closed. West went to President Roosevelt with the story and asked that a juvenile court be established in Washington to handle erring, but not criminal, youth. It was, and one of the greatest social reforms of modern times was started.

The good deed has a way of bringing its own reward. Out of Hollywood comes the story of Van Johnson, radio and screen star, who was nearly decapitated in an automobile accident. In the crash he lost a great deal of blood, but he managed to survive.

Before the accident he had donated seven pints of blood to the Red Cross. The doctors told him: "Your giving that blood accustomed your system to rapid crea-

tion of new blood, which in turn saved you from bleeding to death."

Recently a famous young Negro chemist told me of a friendly white foreman of an industrial plant who always did everything he could to help his men, most of them Negroes, to get ahead. He encouraged them to train for trades, to go to school, to buy homes and above all to save.

Sickness suddenly struck the foreman's family and wiped out all his savings. The mortgage on his home was due—twelve hundred dollars. No one who knew of his need seemed able to help.

Shortly before the mortgage was to be foreclosed, a Negro and his wife called at the foreman's house. He invited them in. After some hesitant conversation, the husband said he had heard the foreman was about to lose his home. "My wife and I thought maybe we might help a little," he said.

"Thank you, you're very kind," replied the foreman, "but I guess there's no way out."

"Well, I wish you'd let us help. I heard what was due, and—well, we sorta want to help." He motioned to his wife, who opened her pocketbook. "Please count that and see if it's right."

The astonished foreman's hand trembled as he took and counted, one by one, 120 ten-dollar bills. It saved his home and it saved his spirit. He went on to an executive job, and the Negro helper went with him.

THERE ARE mighty few Daniel Boones living in the wilderness today; most of us live where there are lots of folks around, which means there is always ample opportunity to lend a hand. No one's job is so insignificant or his associations so few that he can't find a chance to help. The main thing is that self-forgetfulness be the spirit of the act; if it is, there will be spontaneous rich dividends in reducing — if not erasing — fear, worry and frustration.

I know a street car conductor who delights in giving some aged person extra attention each day. I know an old man who felt it was a disgrace to be in the poorhouse, until the superintendent assigned him to the flower garden. Every day he presents each visitor with a flower, and he's the happiest man I know. A woman whose son died in the war does a charitable act daily in his name. Life is now worth living, even joyous, for her.

There's also the chance that a good turn may start a chain of important events. Many years ago, a young boy timidly walked up the steps of a famous church in Philadelphia, then turned away. An elderly man with a cheerful smile called him back, shook hands with him, and invited him in. Later he introduced the boy to others and made him feel at home. The lad became one of the nation's greatest merchants and philanthropists. He was John Wanamaker.

During World War I, a conscientious objector was derided and bulldozed, and finally threatened with prison. But a kind-hearted, intelligent Army officer intervened and explained to the stubborn young man that it was a righteous war and that military duty did not interfere with Christian service. The young man saw the light and

went to war. He was Sergeant Alvin C. York.

An editor friend of mine was puzzled in his youth, while looking for a job, when he got half a dozen letters from firms asking him to call for interviews. He got a good job from one. Later he learned that a friend had sent out fifty mimeographed letters about him to different firms, suggesting that they interview him.

Speaking of letters, I know a man who makes a hobby of writing letters of recommendation for deserving persons. He has placed at least fifty people in good positions, one paying ten thousand dollars a year. He takes the trouble to learn the name of the head of the department to which the applicant is going, and addresses him personally; then he finds out the requirements of the job and the ability and experience of the applicant, and writes the letter on the basis of fitting one to the other.

Physical fitness and mental alertness are recognized as essential to health and success. But our joy comes out of our feelings, our emotional responsiveness. People live by their emotions. Logic may tell them what to do, but impulse stirs them to action. It is possible to get an upsurge of life under every circumstance, to be buoyant and hopeful even in the face of disaster, by keeping the wellsprings of human feeling running full.

Emotions can be aroused, and pleasure obtained, by an outward agent like a movie, a football game, or a race. But that is parasitic in form—we do nothing to create it. The only dependable and enduring type of emotional responsiveness is that which is generated within. That type is a stimulus which suffuses our being with the glow that kindness produces. And it is cumulative, not dissipating.

The essential thing is to do something really helpful for a person who needs help, with no thought of reward. Starting off with one good deed a day puts a person in the habit of practicing kindness; in the course of time it establishes a pattern of thoughtfulness and generosity which in turn vaccinates one against the mental and spiritual isolation that makes hermits and lone wolves.

Over Twenty-One

IT WAS LONG after midnight in the home of the famous author. He looked haggard and worn, for he had been working on his latest novel.

"Darling," called his wife, "are you coming to bed?"

"No, I'm not," muttered the author. "I've got the pretty girl in the clutches of the villain and I want to get her out."

"How old is the girl?" asked the wife.

"She's twenty-three," replied the writer.

"Then for goodness sake put out the lights and come to bed," snapped the weary wife. "She's certainly old enough to take care of herself!"

—*The Highway Traveler*

A heroic French mother recalls with pride the wisdom and courage of a young child

My Daughter Isabelle



by CAPTAIN LUCIENNE MARCHAND

ISABELLE was two and a half when the Germans came to Mehun in June, 1940. My husband had escaped to unoccupied France, to work with the underground. In our last hurried moments together we had decided it was best that Isabelle and I stay with my parents in Mehun, where there was a good doctor.

I think it was their noise that made Isabelle hate and fear the Germans from the first. A group of them, finding our lower gate barred, started to break it in. I went to the main gate, which is never locked, and said with a smile: "Gentlemen, in France one rings if he wishes a door opened."

They took two rooms in our house. By evening, there were about ten of them sitting around our garden table with bottles of champagne and brandy. It was nearly daylight before the yelling and singing, the crashing of broken bottles stopped. By morning Isabelle had a high fever.

The doctor said that as she could not have quiet, we must try to accustom Isabelle to German noise. So, as soon as she was better, I took her into the garden in her carriage. The Germans there went into raptures over the little French girl. They tried to make her speak. She was mute. They offered her chocolate—looted French chocolate, of course. She would not take it.

After nearly a week, I persuaded Isabelle to play on the lawn with me. Fortunately she was in her carriage when an orderly unleashed a gigantic wolfhound. His owner, one of the officers, went into the house to find him something to play with. He came out with the Paris doll Isabelle had received for Christmas. He threw it to the dog.

I shall never forget Isabelle's eyes as she watched, in tense silence, the dog's great teeth ripping the doll's body to shreds. After that we did not play on the lawn.

Because I am a schoolteacher, I received a great deal of attention from the German headquarters staff. Each day a special propaganda officer came to the house to lecture me on the benefits of the Nazi regime. Once, unstrung by his constant harping on the happi-

ness of obedience to "our" great Fuehrer, I asked: "But tell me, what freedom do you possess?"

"We have the freedom to obey," he replied. I looked up, thinking it irony. But he had straightened in his chair, and his eyes were fixed in a glaze of ecstasy.

As TIME went on, more and more men from Mehun were arrested, taken away, and never again seen.

After each batch of arrests, the propaganda officer made a special call to explain to me the necessity of these arrests. He always brought Isabelle chocolates. She was three by then and had acquired a dignity worthy of an adult. She took his gifts with a quiet "thank you," and put them in her doll cupboard, where they accumulated. When asked why she did not eat them, she would say, "Zabelle likes only her papa's candy. Some day her papa will come back to Zabelle."

That was all she ever said. Yet she knew that I had not only heard from her father, but that I actually saw him from time to time. It was my confidence in her that made me decide to take her on my next trip into the unoccupied zone.

The pretext for these occasional 24-hour trips of mine was our ownership of an estate some distance away, where the farm work needed supervision. Armed with my permit, on the appointed day I settled Isabelle in the package carrier of my bicycle. She spoke politely to the Germans at the guard post and sat quietly in her cramped position all through the long, hard ride. At the end of it, she knew, her daddy would be waiting. For a whole half day they played together. It had been well worth the danger.

The morning after our return home, the interpreter for the headquarters staff came to see us. She was a fifty-year-old Luxembourg woman, married to a Swiss. They had settled in Mehun in 1934. She showered affection on Isabelle. After they had played for a while she said, "When did you see your papa last, Isabelle? Didn't you see him on your trip?" My three-year-old daughter replied: "Zabelle will see her papa when the men with the boots go away."

From this time on, I took Isabelle with me whenever the weather was fine. We bicycled into the free zone, ostensibly to barter hens and ducks. Under the straw at the bottom of the big farm basket were confidential documents. I was often searched, but never while she was with me. Once, as the guard started to lift the straw, Isabelle leaned forward and tickled the beak of a duckling. The antics of the awkward bird threw the entire guard of six into convulsions of joy.

The woman interpreter from Luxembourg paid us one more special visit when the Americans landed in North Africa. She was wild with rage and raved incoherently about Roosevelt, who dragged his people to suicide. Just before she left, she turned to Isabelle and said, cruelly: "This time, my poor little girl, be sure that you will never see your papa again. Those wicked Americans will turn the world into blood and fire."

Isabelle's eyes grew very dark, but she remained silent until the woman had gone. Then she buried

her head in my shoulder. "Is what Madame said true?" she whispered.

"Certainly not. You will see your papa again," I promised. "All mama's friends are going to get together and build a ring. The bootmen will be caught in the ring and taken away. And then your papa will come home to stay."

So my baby began to learn who were her mother's friends, who could be trusted. By May, 1943, when she was five and a half, she could carry oral messages and receive them. She always wore two big knots of ribbon in her curly hair. To find them, I often walked many miles to out-of-the-way country shops. Their color varied, according to set schedule. Unknown friends, bicycling into Mehun along the watercourse, would look for the little girl playing in the stadium park, who wore two yellow bows on Sunday, two green bows striped with brown on Tuesday, two blue bows on Thursday.

They would join the group of children and ask the little girl with the ribbons if she were alone or with her mother. Isabelle would answer, politely, that her mother was "that lady over there, and in a little while she's going to play ring-around-a-rosy with me."

By 1944 our game of "building a ring" had become more difficult, even more dangerous. I was then a lieutenant in the *Francs-Tireurs*, a military organization, and although I seldom dared return home, it was necessary that I keep in touch with the civilian *Front National* in Mehun, and with the groups destined to become part of our Maquis. Our baker, M. Jean, was in charge of liaison. His daughter and Isabelle played together at the stadium.

With my hair bleached blonde and cut short, I had, with my new *carte d'identite*, become a Miss Yvonne, born in Normandy. Wearing dark glasses, I would bicycle along the watercourse to the Mehun stadium and ask directions of the little girl with the pretty ribbons. Pointing the way to town, she would tell me all the messages left by "mama's friends."

That summer our house was surrounded by the Gestapo.

My bedridden mother wept as she told them that the treatments ordered for me at the Bourges clinic (where I was officially supposed to be) had not helped me, and that I had been sent by the doctors there to *Neris-les-Bains*. Isabelle, too, was very sad as she repeated under questioning that her mother had to go away to get well. They didn't find me.

Isabelle was by this time able to make decisions. One of my friends, a former Mehun teacher,

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Capt. Lucienne Marchand, author of "My Daughter Isabelle," was one of four women captains of the famous Maquis, French underground soldiers who fought the Germans. She is 32 years old, a former teacher and a daughter of the mayor of Mehun-sur-Yevre. For the Maquis she attacked trains, blew up dams, organized the escape of prisoners, smuggled Allied fliers to safety, transported arms, and shot Germans when necessary. She was wounded in action, and has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, the Medaille de la Resistance and the Medaille de Blesse, equivalent of our Purple Heart medal. This story of her daughter, now seven years old, is told with the restrained pride of a soldier, but it reveals a small child's wisdom, courage and help in the face of an enemy who hunted her parents.

got to the house from Paris. He was cut off from his group. Although my father was local head of the *Front National,* he did not know how I could be reached within 24 hours.

While they were talking, Isabelle came in from the garden and recognized the man immediately. She went to her doll's cupboard and gave him a crumpled scrap of paper. It was a child's jingle, but to one who knew the region intimately, the words led to the home of one of our agents. My parents were shocked, and a little hurt. But as I explained to them later, they would have kept the paper so carefully that its meaning would have been questioned in the event of a search. In the doll's cupboard, its innocence would have gone unquestioned.

I DID NOT see Mehun's day of liberation, for I had been wounded in action earlier that week, during the fighting at Vierzon. It was four days later, the sixth of September, that the door to my hospital room opened and Isabelle rushed to me. She was wearing two great bows of the French and American colors. Behind her came a delegation of my former pupils, also wearing red, white and blue bows. All Mehun was wearing these long-forbidden colors, Isabelle told me. She had watched the boot-men march out, with "mama's soldiers," the French Forces of the Interior, guarding them. They couldn't kill French people any more. And soon her papa would be home to stay, wouldn't he?

My father told me, later, of a conversation Isabelle had that week with a group of Senegalese FFI soldiers. Our peaches were plentiful, and father had told the men they might pick some. Isabelle had never seen Senegalese and was shy at first. Their sergeant called to her: "You know we are soldiers of the FFI, and you are not afraid of soldiers, are you?"

"Oh, no. My mama is a soldier. She has killed Germans," Isabelle answered at once.

"Ah, we know your mother," the sergeant cried. "With her we blew up the railroad lines near Vierzon. When we go home, we will tell our children that a white woman in France fought with us. We are proud of it."

Isabelle stood very straight, my father said. She answered, "I am proud of my mother."

Her mother is proud of Isabelle.

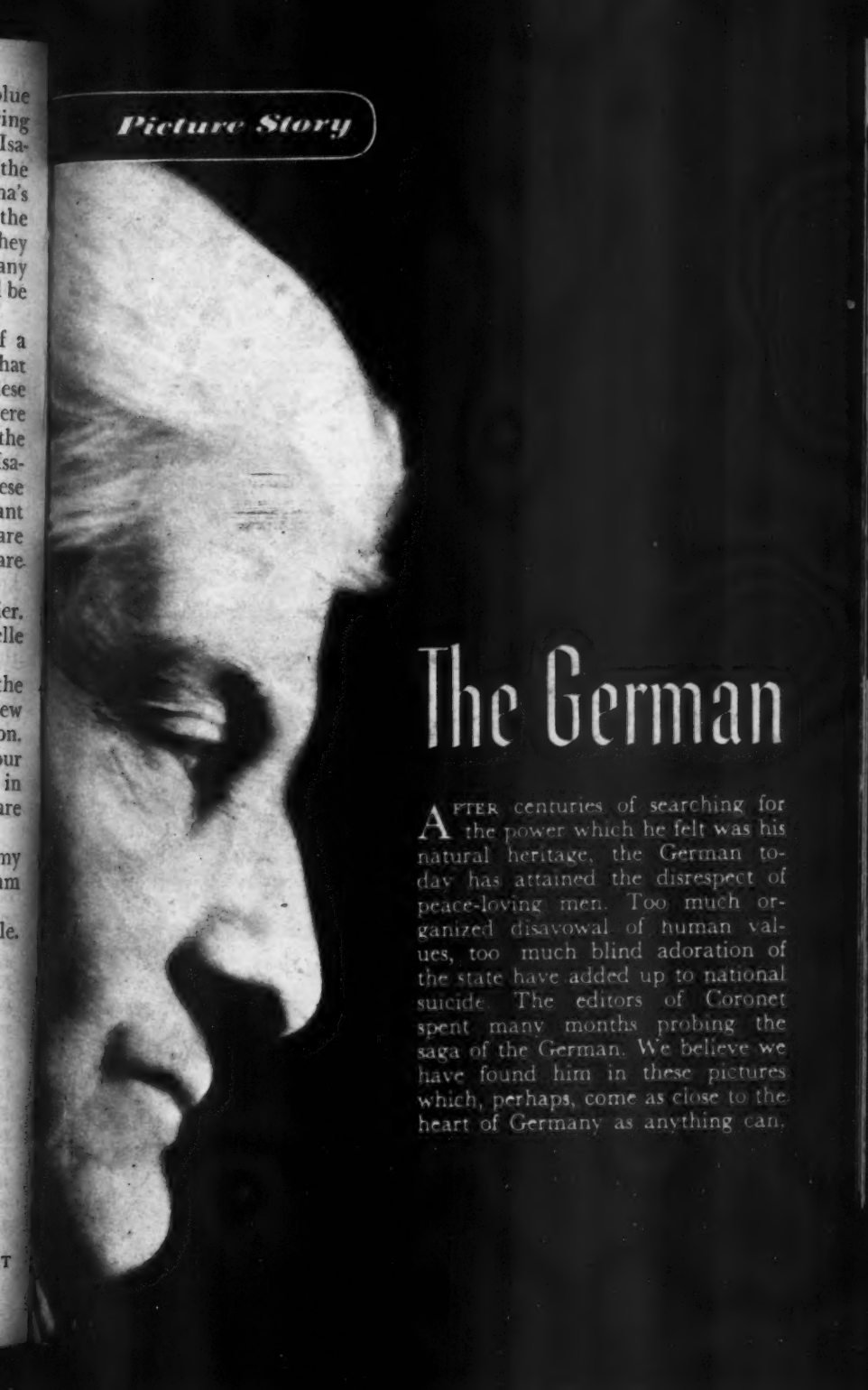
It Ain't Necessarily So!

THERE WAS A GIRL George Gershwin had meant to marry, but being tied up with some composing he never quite got around to telling her so. Meanwhile she eloped with someone else. Gershwin was dining with friends when the news reached him. His head sank on his breast. In respect for his manly grief, the others let him be the first to speak.

"I'd feel terrible about this," he said, "if I weren't so busy just now."

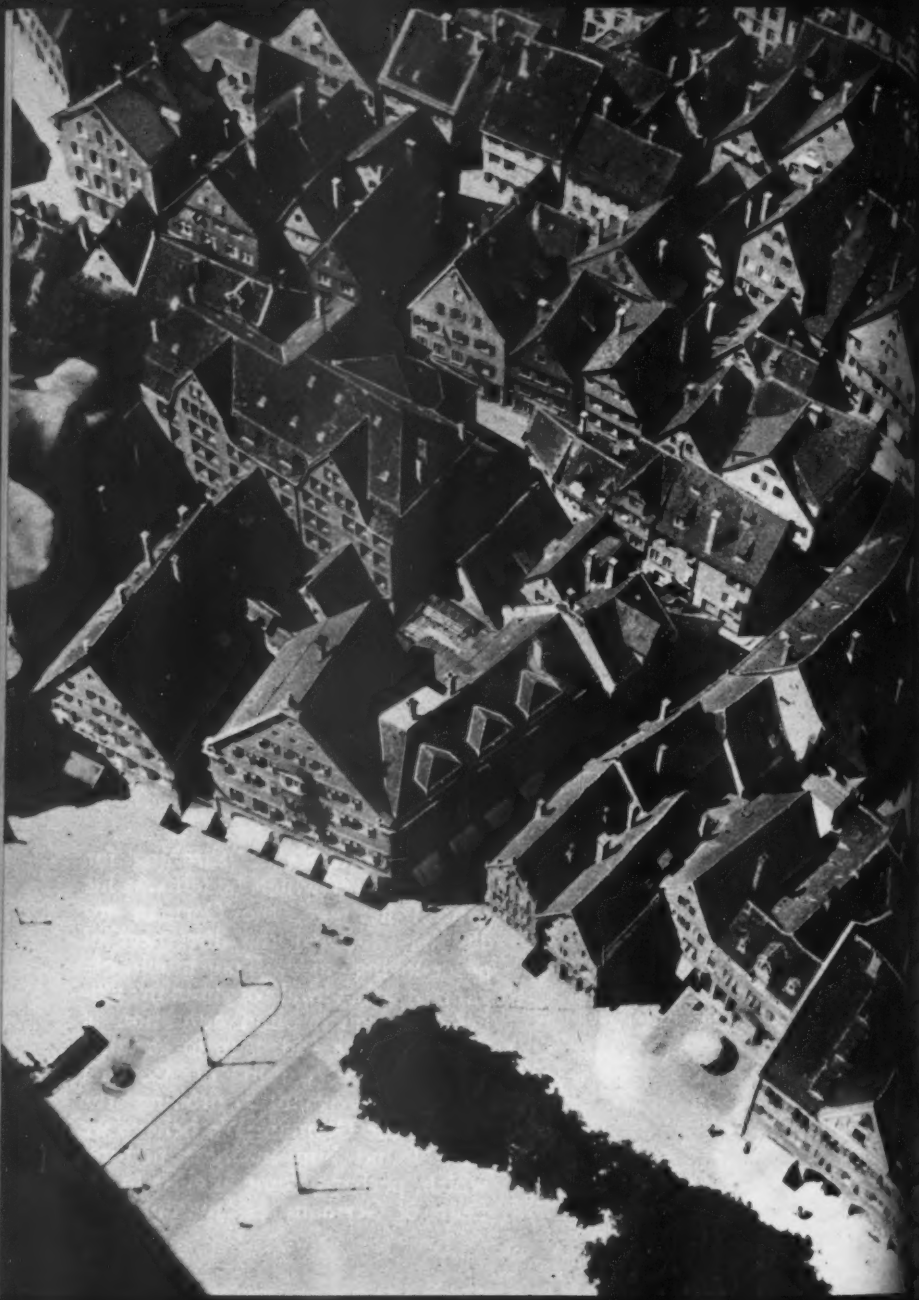
—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT in *Long, Long Ago*

Picture Story



The German

AFTER centuries of searching for the power which he felt was his natural heritage, the German today has attained the disrespect of peace-loving men. Too much organized disavowal of human values, too much blind adoration of the state have added up to national suicide. The editors of Coronet spent many months probing the saga of the German. We believe we have found him in these pictures which, perhaps, come as close to the heart of Germany as anything can.



This was Germany after the first World War. In the old towns the sun reached only the market place, and in the dark, narrow streets the people lived close together in little worlds of their own.



The ancient streets were cobbled and quaint. The new electric light was a source of pride. Everything was kept clean and bright—for then peace was in the air.



And with the promise of peace the German tried settling down to a decent life. There would be no more Kaisers— there would be freedom, more freedom, they hoped, than any place else on earth.



At Heidelberg the great schools and laboratories were busy preparing for the new day. The hills resounded with the new hope – Germany was to be great in peace – all the world would respect her.



The people of Germany, in those days, worked hard and sincerely at rebuilding their land. There was much to be done. Food was more important than pride.



Peacetime industry had to be started again—and the German laborer went to work. It was his land now, his to build and to strengthen. There wasn't much time left to think of defeat.



For the innocent children of Germany there was the glorious past, the old legends, the fine poets.



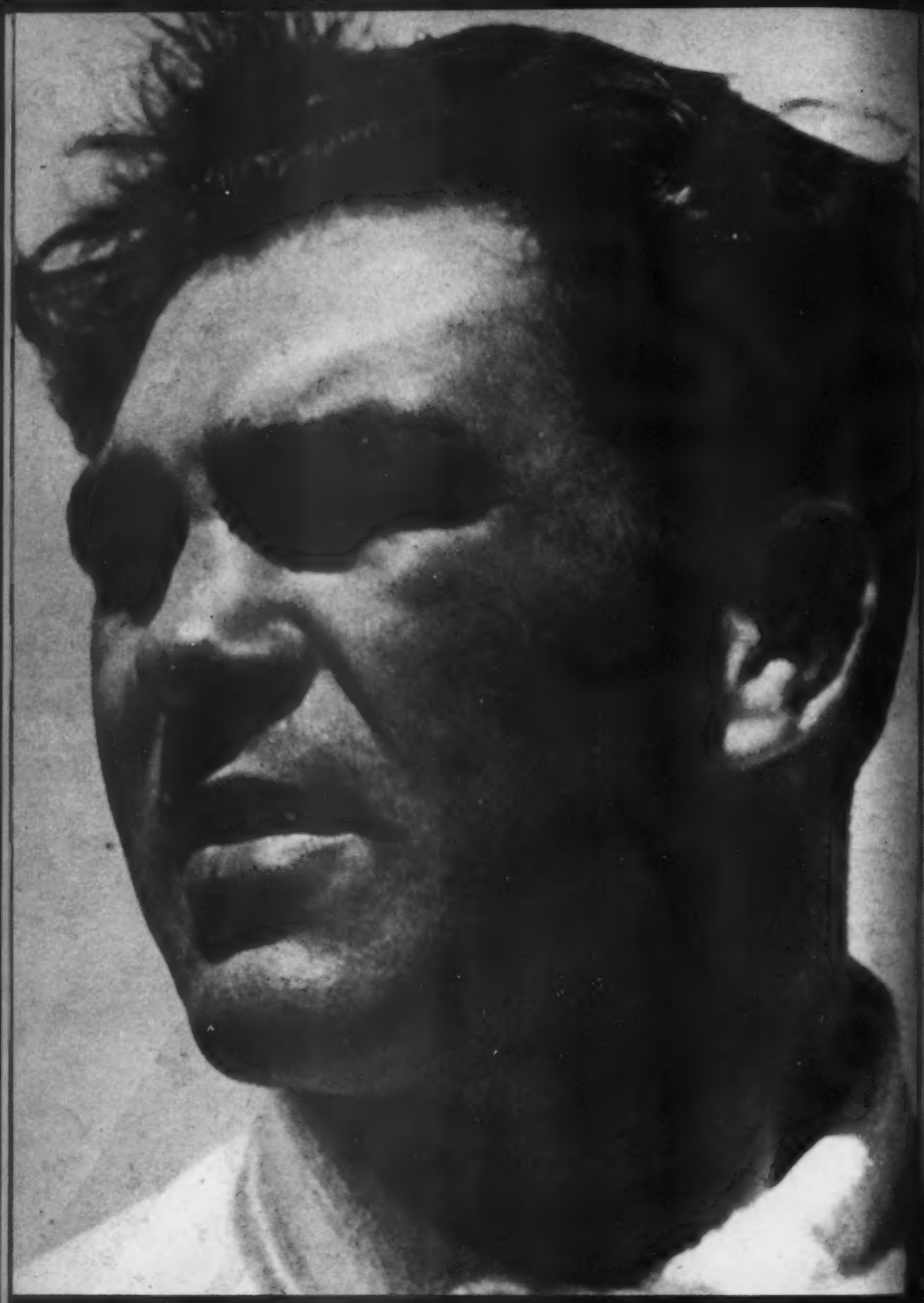
In all the land there was time for grace and beauty . . .



there was time for the beloved *Gesangverein*—the wonderful glee clubs —the singing, the simple, heart-warming joy of singing;



and there was time for building straight, strong bodies. Life was good.



And to Americans Germany was far away. We saw only the glittering surface—Max Schmeling came to New York to become a world champion boxer . . .



Baron von Cramm showed us his perfect tennis game at Forest Hills, Long Island . . .



And Emil Jannings' Old World charms made magic for us in the movies. Ah, they were such interesting, pleasant people — the Germans.



And so to us Germany became a colorful travel poster—a pleasant valley. Americans! Come to Germany. The Rhineland calls you! Drink the good, brown beer! Thrill to the wonders of the Black Forest!



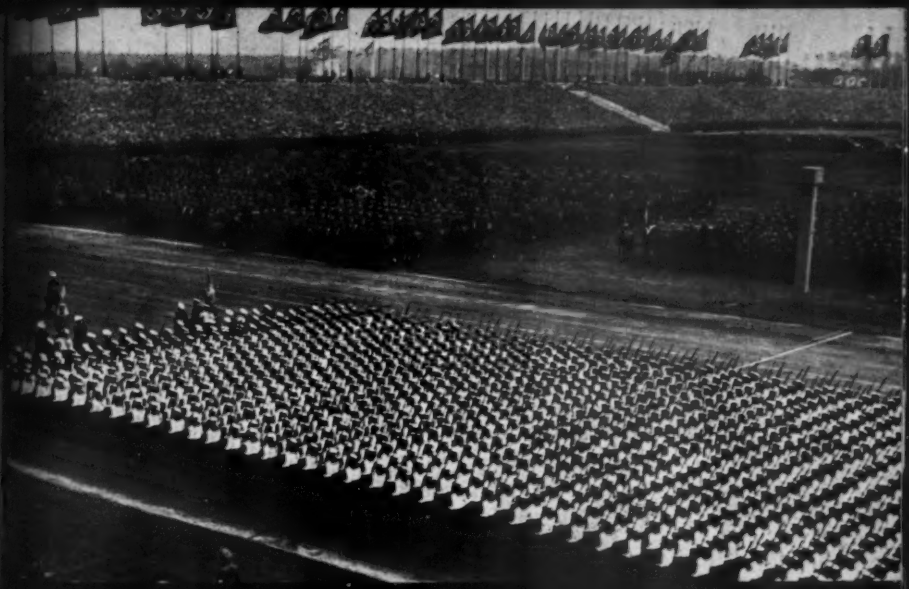
But behind this peaceful picture the militarists whispered tales of conquest into German ears. And the German left his labors of peace to listen. The voice of power rumbled through the throat of Goebbels.



The voice grew. Germany is great, it said, the time is coming. Germans need power, they live on it. It is their birthright. Get rid of the alien blood. Germany for Germans. Heil Hitler!



Peace is for weaklings. Germans are strong. Glory to the fatherland.



Follow the leader. The glee club must be an army. The workman must learn to kill. Heil!



Agility and grace must build armies, must bear children for armies, must give life to guns. Heil!



The armies went out swiftly and brought back victories—Czechoslovakia, Poland, France. The fatherland needed room. It destroyed. It slaughtered.



The soldier is God—Heil! Sacred Aryan blood will nourish a new world—Heil Hitler!



Germany ruled a continent. The Fuehrer was right. Europe today—
tomorrow the world—Heil! Heil! Heil!



But the Germans were wrong again. War is not glory. The same women who listened with enchantment to the promises of Hitler heard the guns of retribution



The same people who put conquest above peace are standing now in Berlin's streets cleaning the rubble of justice from their pleasant homes.



Neighbors in despair. In the weight of bombs was their answer—men are equal—no race is destined to rule the world—ruin is the price of greed—



False leaders and false pride are the seeds of disaster. Now the German is nothing but hungry and whipped and lost.



Yes, there are tears, there is suffering, but with the blood of *our* armies and the pain of *our* hearts we have said that all men are free — *all* men—and Germany must not forget.

You must see it in all its moods to know the full glory of the Empire State Building



Testament in Stone and Steel

by GEROLD FRANK

THOSE WHO see it for the first time are speechless. And well they may be before this shining testament to the soaring and indomitable spirit of America. It dwarfs the monuments of lesser ages—the pyramids of Ghiza, the Colossus of Rhodes—as the mechanical achievements of modern man dwarf those of his predecessors. Here it stands, this modern colossus almost a fifth of a mile high, rooted deeply in rock below the earth, yet with its topmost spire caressing the clouds. It is the tempo of the twentieth century caught in stone and steel: trim, precise in line, nervous and exquisite in contour, sheer as a mathematician's rule, embracing within itself the nerve center of an entire continent.

Shall we describe it sociologically? Very well. It is the product of certain basic changes in American commercial life, of the replacement of the individually owned business by gigantic corporations, of the need for getting large groups of related enterprises into a limited area.

Statistically? It is the tallest structure in the world, 1,250 feet high; it has 67 express elevators that reach the 80th floor in one minute flat; it has 102 stories that can house 25 thousand tenants and their 40 thousand daily visitors. But these are nothing more than the dry dust of statistics.

Indeed, you must see the Empire State Building in all its moods to know it. You must see it in the dawn, before New York's hurrying millions come streaming out of their homes and apartments to darken the streets about its base, when it stands sharp and clean and lonely in its grandeur.

You must see it at the end of the day, when the city's millions flow back through street and train and subway; when the sun sinks into the Jersey mists and the Empire State Building casts its giant shadow athwart the city, reaching far across avenues and parks to touch the East River itself. In this rose-tinted light all its myriad Western windows suddenly become opalescent mirrors, and if you stand just right, there will be one breathless moment when the building will strike you in its full glory, somehow fusing heaven and earth in a shining pillar of silver and gold.

And, finally, you must see it in the hours after midnight, when the city's streets are almost swept clear of people and the Empire State Building rises from the darkness gray and slim and incredibly high, its topmost spire alight, a brooding sentinel standing guard over a city of sleeping, hopeful men.





All of life seems to pass in review during the dreary hours of a hospital vigil

Quietly, in a Waiting Room

by DAVID LOUIS

HOW LONG is it now, Mary?

Three hours, John. Patience.

Patience? *Me?* It ain't *my* hand that's tremblin'. It's yours . . .

All right, John. It's my hand tremblin'.

Mary.

Yes, John.

How many waitin' rooms we been in . . . in our lives?

How many, John?

How many hospitals—how many waitin' rooms—waitin' for somebody to die, somebody to be born?

Why—dozens, I guess, John.

Seems like all my life—where's that doctor?

He's busy, John. Patience.

Me? Listen, Mary . . . I . . . how long you say it's been?

Almost three hours.

Seems like a nice feller, that doctor.

Very nice young man.

Why doesn't he tell us anything?

He's busy in there, John. He doesn't have time.

I guess not . . . you know . . . funny thing, Mary.

Yes, John?

I was a father seven times. None of 'em ever hit me hard as this.

I know.

Twelve times I was a grandfather. I sat around in them waitin' rooms waitin' for them babies to come to life . . .

I know. I was with you.

. . . and I never was so panicky as I feel now! Goshamighty . . . !

Quiet, John. Set still . . . Have patience. It won't take long now.

I been attendin' the aches and pains of my offspring for sixty years. And I sat around in some mighty funny lookin' waitin' rooms in my time—none of 'em as fancy as this.

The Army hospitals are very nice, John. Very clean.

I been hoverin' over my descendants through thick and thin, and there never was one made me so all-fired panicky as this . . . Why is it, Mary?

It's because this is the first one wasn't hurt by natural causes.

What's that mean?

The others—the children, the other grandchildren—they got hurt falling off a barn or skating on the pond. But this one—he's different. He's wounded.

Wounded. We ain't never had a wounded one in the family before. Is that it, Mary?

That's it.

Mary . . . Do you think . . . how much longer, you think?

Not much longer, John . . . Patience.

Another in a series of stories and pictures devoted to familiar scenes in American life

PAINTED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

The Australian can't forget a triumph over terror and a triumph over pain

Two Memories of Total War



by SIDNEY CARROLL

AN AUSTRALIAN I met in Guadalcanal told me many stories of battle. He was a large man, a broad man, with large fists and broad thumbs about twice as wide across as my own. He had grey-black hair, his speech was clipped and quiet, and he had just one nervous habit: he kept crossing his legs and bouncing the top leg up and down. Otherwise he was as calm as a man can be. I call him a Total Warrior, for he had fought on land, sea, and in the air.

He had been in the war from the beginning—that is, from the British beginning. He had traveled with Red Sea convoys when the Italians still held their iron grip on Somaliland. He was with the British Navy when they were taking prizes off the China coast.

The Australians had lent him to the Americans for the Marshall and Gilbert campaigns because he knew those islands well. Then he fought in the Marianas, and now he was with us again at Guadalcanal, getting ready to move on up to Palau.

He had grown up with the war. He had been ducking between the hellfire and brimstone ever since the days when the world was full of Japs, and when the things with which we had to fight back were like sling-shots compared to sixteen-inch ordnance. He had been lucky. He was still going. He had seen everything: the blood, the guts, and his friends dying all around him.

AFTER I had listened to his stories for three days, and to his clipped noncommittal descriptions of the dying and the killing, I began to wonder about him—about his kind of man. What has happened to this one, way down deep? If he has seen every kind of death, what does he think of life itself?

Are his reactions still the so-called normal ones like yours and mine, or has all the blood and the brutality turned him, inside, into a kind of monster? If he has seen bloodshed, bravery, cowardice in every possible form, what does he feel when he looks at a bloody man, a brave man, or a coward?

Well, here is a story told to me

by the Australian lieutenant commander, the Total Warrior, the case-hardened man; it was the last one he told me. In the story there is one answer to the questions. I am going to let him tell the most important part himself.

"I WAS commanding a small ship, a so-called YMS—she's a small sort, a wooden ship—and we were caught in Tanapag Harbor in the Marianas. A whole army of Jap shore batteries was firing at us. We were trying to fire back with one small gun we had up forward on the deck. I will tell you what I shall always remember best out of that whole terrible business. Two things. Two boys.

"I was on the bridge of that little ship. For the Japs we were a perfect target: it was like shooting a decoy in a barrel. For us, as your boys say, it was murder. From where I stood I could look down and see the gun crew lining up on deck. I leaned over occasionally to cheer them, and to curse the Japs, and from where I stood I could see one lad, a youngster.

"He was very young, in his teens I should say. Loading member of the gun, that was his job. As I leaned over the bridge and shouted and cursed, this lad would look up at me.

"His face was *white!* I tell you it was the whitest thing I ever saw. He was as tense and strained as a human being could be. He'd look up at me and nod in agreement to what I was saying—what I was cursing—and try to smile. That lad in the open, with no protection whatsoever, was the most thoroughly scared boy alive, and certainly the whitest. And that is one of the things I remember most vividly, the whiteness of his face and the feeling it gave me of his tremendous fright. But he never slacked. That's guts! He had guts to keep slamming those shells in the breech and never stop, though he looked ready to faint. In the middle of everything he looked up at me and nodded. I'll always remember him.

"That was the first thing. Then there was the second thing I remember of that day. Another lad. Name of Doc.

"He was the cook on the ship, and a good one, too. He was sort of fat. At first you might take him for a sissy, he was so easygoing and roly-poly. Couldn't have been more than nineteen. When we got the gun into action he was one of the loaders. His action station was down below, passing ammunition up along to the gun. Doc was standing down below, taking a little rest, leaning with one arm against one of the bulkheads.

"A Jap shell came through the port bulkhead, went clean through that compartment, and took Doc's arm with it; took it off at the socket, clean as a whistle.

"Doc picked himself up. He clenched the open socket with his good hand. He staggered up the companionway to the deck. The first man he met was the first lieutenant. Says Doc, quietly, 'Will you help me, please, sir?' Says the lieutenant, 'Hell, Cookie, I can't! There's a fire creeping up on the ammo cabin and we've got to get the fire down or we're all done for!' So Cookie thanked the first lieutenant and wandered off, trying to hold his socket tight with his

good hand to hold the blood in.

"He bumped into a sailor and asked him for help. The sailor grabbed a piece of rope and tied it around Cookie's shoulder as a sort of tourniquet. Cookie sat down, with the shells screaming all around him, waiting, just waiting there for assistance.

"I finally saw him from the bridge and I called out, 'Keep your chin up, boy, we'll get you to a hospital ship soon!' He replied, with a smile, 'Thank you, sir.'

"It was a bloody miracle—but we finally got that ship out of the Jap firing range. She was full of holes, full of water, full of smoke and fire, full of wounded men. The fire was way out of control, creeping up on the ammunition. And then, out of nowhere, a salvage tug came up alongside.

"It was then that the pharmacist's mate from the tug came over and gave Cookie a shot and tied up his wound. We moved all the wounded over to the tug.

"Now imagine this—Cookie got up on his own power and walked aboard that tug.

"I don't know how much blood he'd lost by that time. The last I saw of him he was sitting aft in the tug waving goodbye to us with his good arm. He wasn't more than nineteen years old. The thing I remember best is the sight of Cookie sitting aft in that tug and waving goodbye to us.

"We got the ship back. In eight weeks she was reconditioned and good as new. But you asked what affected me most, and I tell you it was those two lads—the white one in the gun crew and the fat one waving at us with one arm."

THAT WAS the lieutenant commander's story, and that was one answer to my questions. It seems that a man who has seen everything horrible and unholy a war has to offer will be most affected by two things out of all the horror: he will remember one boy scared to death and white as a sheet and doing his job, and he will remember another boy taking his good hand off the bleeding stump of where his other arm used to be, and waving goodbye with it.

In other words, the Total Warrior could remember best two things: a triumph over terror, and a triumph over pain.

Substitute for Warfare

CENTURIES AGO rival warlords of feudal Siam recognized that war was painful and costly, so they devised a substitute for it. The annals of the states of Burma, Siam and Cambodia recount numerous incidents in which armies, facing each other across battlefields, found a way to "fight" their battle without loss of life. Under truce, the leaders of both factions would agree on the plans for some piece of construction, generally a temple or a pagoda. At a given signal each army would plunge to work on its project. The first to complete the project was declared the victor, and the opponents retired in defeat.

—DEWITT REDDICK

Blueblood from Boston is a new version of the traditional Girl of the Golden West



Airport Boss in Skirts

by OREN ARNOLD

STOCK HEROINE in American fiction is the blue-eyed Bostonian who descends on Arizona to confound the cowboys, miners, politicians and assorted villains. Late in 1944 she descended in real life. Her plane settled at the border town of Bisbee and she went straight in to call on the mayor.

"I want to lease your municipal airport for ten years," she said, with Bostonian directness. "I will teach flying and run a charter service. My name is Wendell Barclay."

By midsummer of 1945 Wendy, daughter of a prominent Boston family, was working an average of seventeen hours a day at the rejuvenated Bisbee field, and was dealing profitably in used craft on the side. She was operating daily charter service to Cananea, Hermosillo and Sonora. She had opened a branch school at Cananea, and another at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. She had a state distributorship for aircraft supplies. In all this, her first business venture, she had supported herself and her mother, planned a home, improved the runways and grounds of the field, paid the city of Bisbee fourteen hundred dollars a year rental, and bought one government bond a week. Nearly 160 people had paid her cash to learn the delights of piloting a plane.

One was a 26-year-old cowpuncher who rode up on a fiery stallion. In reply to her persuasive salesmanship, he said, "All right, miss. I'll try to ride your airship if you'll try to ride my horse."

Wendy eyed him suspiciously. "You mean if I stay in the saddle, you'll buy a lesson course? It will cost you 85 dollars in advance."

"It's a deal!"

Everybody at the airport came running to help her as the stallion looped, banked, dove, did figure eights, most of it up in the air. But Wendy's heels dug in, and presently she had him trotting obediently back down her 52-hundred-foot runway. The cowboy took his first flight lesson on that same day.

By barnstorming in the used-plane field on her trip westward, Wendy collected enough money to start operations. She had inherited considerable money from her father, but had resolved not to touch it in this venture. She bought and kept four good craft—a Piper Cub, an Aeronca, a Culver and a Waco. Her airport had two runways; its only other asset, however, was one shack barely big enough to house a plane. She slept there at first, when she had time to sleep.

"Back East," Wendy confesses, "my life was one of smart, conscious sophistication: dancing, dining, swimming, playing cards, gos-

siping interminably, without accomplishing a thing. Suddenly I decided to chuck it all."

She was not unprepared for the change. She grew up with two brothers, one of whom had a collection of ancient cars with which he tinkered. She learned to tinker, too. When her brothers dabbled in aviation so did Wendy. She could fly a plane at fifteen.

Her supreme self-confidence has caused her some trouble. Soon after leaving Boston she undertook to fly a used "crate" from Jacksonville, Texas, to California. At Prescott, Arizona, over a region of spectacular boulders, her plane caught fire.

"There were two things to do," she said. "Pray, and look for a flat place. I did both. The flat place appeared—a pond not much bigger than our swimming pool back home. I set the crate down in it, jumped and swam."

Wendy's pupils range from Army lieutenants' wives, who want to fly with their husbands in civilian life, to Bisbee's hard-rock miners who work 3,200 feet underground.

Many of her pupils expect to fly from home to ranch, herd to herd, mine to mine, farm to farm, all the time-consuming distances that are a part of Western routine.

One pupil almost stymied her. He was a man of fifty who had been a cowboy all his life. When he came down from his prescribed solo work, she complimented him.

"You did fine. Now go right in to town today and take the examination for your pilot's license."

"To tell you the truth, Miss Wendy," he stammered, "I never did learn to read or write."

Wendy taught the cowboy reading and writing and a little arithmetic, too. Now he has his own plane and the license to pilot it.

America has more than a score of women who actually boss airports, but perhaps none to match Wendy Barclay. She expects to develop a chain of schools and plane sales agencies throughout the West; she already has some franchises and options. Part of her expansion will be in Mexico, where aviation is still in its infancy.

Much of her instruction is beamed at ex-service fliers.

"Our combat veterans are in a bad spot," she says. "After the last war they were the only ones who could fly. They had a period of barnstorming and circus stunting to support themselves. But that day is ended, and our men from the service lack training in commercial flying. They have to start anew. We must help them and at the same time stabilize aviation as a business and a recreation."

Scientists Have Nerves, Too!

DR. JOHN RAY DUNNING, Columbia University scientist who helped to develop the atomic bomb, said that he can't stand the noise of an alarm clock. Instead he has a gadget that turns on the radio so he will waken to music.

—*Chicago Sun*

The blessings of peace are slow in returning to London's weary millions



Report from a Tired City

by CHESTER MORRISON

A LITTLE MORE than a year ago I sat on the end of a cot with a typewriter in my lap and wrote a piece (at the editor's request) about the end of the war. That was back in the days when we all thought the invasion through southern France really was the end.

I remember the piece was all about how soldiers were thinking of getting home and it wound up something like this: "Next autumn there may be Americans at home . . . Is that girl still sitting there under the tree, and is there a job going in the garage?"

Well, now they're home—some of them. I wonder if she is there and if the job is going. We see them coming back here in London, too, and I'll try to tell you about that.

Oxford Street and Regent Street and Piccadilly used to be jammed with Englishmen in uniform. Then there came a time when there were almost no uniforms at all. Now, when you see a uniform you know it's because the poor devil has nothing else to wear.

The soldier-come-home is easily spotted by his baggy gray flannels and his brown sports jacket. That's what I wear. I bought mine four years ago in Cairo, never thinking I would really wear them. And now they're all I've got.

The soldiers used to come home on leave, and when they got here the first thing they did was to get into civvies. It made you realize that people hate war more than anybody.

But now they're back—some of them—for keeps. Uniforms are rare in Oxford Street, except for the few GIs who are left. The first thing this country does for a demobilized soldier is to give him a suit of clothes. And I am afraid it is almost the last thing it does for him. After that he is on his own.

I don't know what it means in our country to be on your own—I've been away too long. But here it is something that makes you think. Take a man who has had six years of fighting for Freedom from Want. He has 56 days demob leave and maybe he has some pay left. Also he has a wife, and a son he never saw before. And suddenly

he realizes that he also has to get out and find himself a job.

I know a fellow who was six years in the RAF without a peep at home. I had lunch with him and his wife one day after he got back. It was heart-breaking to see what strangers they were; how far they had grown apart; how deliberately he was trying to understand and readjust changes in himself—changes which inevitably had to happen in six years—and trying to understand his wife.

It seemed to me, at the time, a significant detail that when he had mailed home his voting proxy for the British election—troops mailed proxies to their wives—he had marked it for the Attlee ticket, but she had cast both his vote and hers for the Tories. It baffled him, but he learned patience while he was away, and he is willing to take the rough with the smooth.

Everybody in England, nearly, has learned to take the rough with the smooth. It is almost a national slogan. The trouble is, they don't get any smooth. They don't know what smooth is, and never did.

Today, for instance, in a good restaurant I had what these people call Irish stew for lunch. The restaurant was proud to serve it, and I was glad to get it. At home in the old days I would have sent that stew back to the kitchen. But I ate it and enjoyed it. I won't get it again for days. I'll get fish. And cabbage.

Fish and cabbage. The propagandists in this country have tried hard to popularize fish and cabbage. But when they write about the "silver treasure in the seas about our island" or tell you how to prepare such preposterous dishes as "cabbage souffle," then I know that even they are fed to the back teeth with fish and cabbage.

But that's all England is going to get for a while. Life in Britain is wearing, even for Britons.

You can walk about the streets in London and see the saw-tooth profile of the building line and realize that things have happened here. You can even understand something of the catastrophe that brought all these people together and made them work as one team in a time of common danger. People still talk occasionally about the one that fell in the garden next-but-one to theirs, and you still meet people who once had a home in the suburbs but now live in a flat in town.

One day I rode in a taxi through the City—which is London's Wall Street—and I shuddered at the wreckage. I looked at the gaping spaces in the neighborhood of St. Paul's and I said to the driver what a horrible thing it was.

And he said "Oh, I don't know. These streets was the devil to drive in before the Blitz."

THAT'S LONDON. I try to understand how such courage can endure in such a dreary country—for it is the most dreary country, and the most tired, that I have seen. There is a joke that the British Empire was created because desperate Englishmen were ready to go anywhere to get away from England's climate, but come with me on a train ride and see what you think.

I went to Liverpool Street Station, London, early one morning to catch a train. I breezed up, as

anybody would in our country, to the newsstand and asked politely for the *Times* and the *Express*.

The man behind the stand looked at me in shocked surprise and turned to another gentleman standing beside me. He asked the other gentleman what paper he wanted and when I noticed that in England people queue-up even for newspapers I was embarassed. As I walked back to the end of the queue I heard people murmuring, "American."

And in God's good time the train pulled in and passengers got aboard. The conductor—or guard—waved his arm at somebody and cried "Carry On!" That's something like our "All Aboard!" And in five or ten minutes the train really started.

You know how it is when you're riding in a train through the sad slums of any big city. Maybe the war for Freedom from Want was intended to change all that, but the change has not yet set in for the railway slums of London. Then, when you get out of the slums you look at the countryside. And at the advertising signs on the walls of the local stations.

To American eyes these signs are astonishing, preposterous. We, who are accused almost universally of bad taste and exaggeration, would be appalled at such blurbs as the first one I noticed on that train ride. It was plugging a fountain pen, and the sign read:

"It comes as a boon and a
blessing to men,
"The Pickwick, the Owl and
the Waverley Pen."

But that was not the last, nor the worst. When the slip-stream of the locomotive smoke was not coming through the primitive windows and when the train was not going through a tunnel, I could see other advertising signs.

"Virol," one of them said, "Anaemic Girls Need It." Another said: "Bile Beans Are Good." Bovril, of course, is all over the place. It's a kind of beef extract, and its signs say: "Be Strong Yourself and Cheer Others." Now, what kind of advertising is that? But passengers on the train didn't have to read the signs. They could look out upon the broad, green, sodden fields. Some of the fields were growing row after row of cabbage, and some of them were fallow although the country is hungry. You can't till fields when the farmer is waiting to be sent home from the war. There were cows, and you could imagine milk. But you can't imagine the milk here.

I think there are laws in parts of our country about pasteurizing milk. And a belief that if you drink raw milk you may get undulant fever, which is very dangerous. Well, in Merrie England during the war pasteurized milk was for babies only, and I am told that many dairy farmers of the old school pasteurize part of their day's product, then toss it into cans with the other milk and cart it off to market. Maybe that's why I've been having a bellyache all this time. Maybe I'll stop putting milk on my porridge.

Porridge. I used to wonder why they called it porridge instead of oatmeal. I don't wonder any more. Porridge, the way the English cook it, and oatmeal are not the same thing. I used to wonder why they

eat cabbage, or Brussels sprouts, but I don't wonder any more. There is nothing else here to eat. Why does England live on fish and porridge? Why doesn't England have the fresh eggs of Denmark and the wonderful fruit of Belgium? Who won this war?

There is a smouldering resentment in this country. Its people are strong and united and brave and long-suffering. They carried their load in battle and they took their punishment at home. They live in this drab city of London, queueing-up for shoes and bread and cabbages, and they are beginning to ask why.

They ask it quietly now. They asked it at the polls when they turned out the Tory Government, and they ask it in the cigar store which has no cigarettes, and in the pub where there is no beer.

They wonder why we in the United States can lift controls on so many things while here controls are tightened and rations reduced.

This is a patient people—slow to anger and slower to act. These people respect each other's privileges of privacy and ownership. They are just like us, except in some ways.

For instance, I sat one day in a park here. It was one of those unexpected sunny days. I sat in what is probably one of the loveliest rose gardens in the world. Cherry trees were in blossom and ducks were paddling in the lake around the island where the rock garden is. There were ducklings too, and children toddled to watch the ducks and parents had to run to prevent a few drownings.

I sat in a deck chair and enjoyed the sun and the blossoms and the roses, thinking to myself that if this chair had been left overnight in Central Park it would not be here now; if those cherries were blossoming in a park in Chicago they would have been stripped of their branches in the night.

Still, I wonder whether those ducks in the pond of Queen Mary's Garden will be safe if this country has to live on fish much longer.

Scots' Sallies

AN ABERDONIAN walked into a high-class restaurant, dined well, and, paying his check, pushed a penny toward the efficient waitress.

She looked at the picayune tip, then glowered reproachfully at the diner.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, sir, even the champion miser of Aberdeen when he eats here tips us tuppence."

Thumping his chest with one hand, he waved the other toward her and said dramatically, "Gaze on the new champion."

THE Reverend George G. D. Kilpatrick tells about the Scotsman who, in his earthly career, was noted for his constant querulous complaining—nothing was ever right. Finally he died and went where all good Scotsmen go. There on the golden street he met an old friend, who said to him, "Well, Alec, you'll have nothing to complain aboot, at last."

Alec immediately pointed to his halo and replied indignantly: "D'ye ca' that a fit?"

—B. C. FORBES in *499 Scottish Stories*

The fabulous success of Charles Luckman proves that America is still the land of opportunity

Toothpaste Titan



by MONA GARDNER

IN THE CLUB car of a fast express to Chicago, two men sat trading *absolutely confidential, absolutely inside* information about this business deal and that. In their verbal pyramiding they inevitably touched on the then-recent Pepsodent Company-Lever Brothers merger.

Immediately the ruddy-faced man told all—since, as he confided, he was so close to "Chuck" Luckman, president of Pepsodent. The other admitted knowing Luckman pretty well himself.

"Yes, yes, a guy with phenomenal luck!" they agreed. "Imagine being president of that kind of a company at 35! No one gets that far *that young* on just brains! Now Chuck told me . . . " and the two audibly quoted their good friend Luckman.

Across the aisle sat a slight, blond, and excessively tanned man unemotionally reading a book. After ten minutes of Luckman quotations, however, he had had enough. He stood up, extracted a card from his wallet, placed it on the table before the two men, bowed affably, and left the car. The engraved card read: CHARLES LUCKMAN.

Back in his compartment, Luckman fumed, acutely but silently. Not that he cared a whit about the two who claimed to know him: it was the inevitable wreath laid on the altar of luck which irritated him. A formula-man himself, Luckman has never relied on anything so inconsistent and overworked as luck.

Often referred to these days as the "Irium-plated Alger," Luckman actually makes a piker of the stock Horatio Alger hero. At the age of nine he was contributing to the family income; at fourteen and again at eighteen he was working his way successively through high school and college. At 24 he was bossing two dozen salesmen; at 26 he listed himself as 31 so the 200 or more executives and salesmen under him, ranging in age from forty to sixty, wouldn't rebel at taking orders from a beardless youngster. That same year he hiked an 80 thousand dollar deficit into a company profit. At 35 he had made his

first million; at 36 he is earning a salary of 100 thousand dollars a year (plus stock, plus bonuses) as president of the largest-selling dentrifice company in America.

These uncommon but pleasant achievements, instead of being a matter of luck, have been achieved with the aid of the Luckman blueprint for success.

At an age when most boys are swapping a cat's-eye for three agates, young Luckman was busy totting up debits and credits in what he called his Success Ledger. Youth, he decided, was a persistent debit. A young man bent on succeeding was always having his youth and inexperience tossed back in his teeth. To get somewhere fast, a fellow would have to find some shortcut to age and experience.

Luckman set out to analyze maturity. He watched the venerable, the hoary, the senile and the patriarchal, and concluded that maturity was an act which could be performed with or without age.

Four characteristics, Luckman noticed, invariably colored the actions of older men—slow deliberation, patience, unemotional approach, and experience. Luckman was confident a young man could acquire the first three attributes in jig time, if he set himself to the job. The fourth wasn't so easy unless, in lieu of experience, one made detailed and clinical examination of all pros and cons before reaching a decision.

His goal clearly before him, Luckman at fifteen started teaching himself maturity. He slowed his speech to a near drawl; he pitched his voice lower, curbing loud tones and all gestures. Laboriously, he developed a poker face to hide his natural youthful impatience. Deliberation came hardest. He denied himself the luxury of snap judgments—that is, out loud. Instead he methodically explored all possibilities and contingencies to bolster a decision, even though it might be the decision he would have made at the outset.

Oddly enough, these do not add up to a grim, humorless man. Instead there is, in Charles Luckman, mellowness, stability, fun, and an immense feeling of security. The only incongruous feature in all this ripe old age is his pink-cheeked, unlined face.

Twice a year Luckman deserts the big business-maturity merry-go-round to spend some time on his ranch in the San Jacinto Mountains in southern California. He is a little apologetic that this hideaway covers some 22 thousand acres of valley land, desert mountain peak and lake. Originally intended as a place where he and his wife and three sons could ride and be out of doors, in no time at all Luckman was talking cattleman's talk and had the ranch on a sound paying basis.

CHARLES LUCKMAN began life in Kansas City, the only child of Albert and Dora Luckman. His father was a clerk in a department store. Although the youngster at nine sold newspapers on a downtown street corner, his business career really started at twelve—the year he entered high school. In addition to Latin roots, algebra and Greek history, he took on three jobs simultaneously—in a depart-

ment store, a drug store, and a grocery. He managed all three competently for the next four years, evolved his major strategy for success, and began applying it. He made the highest scholastic average among four thousand students, was president of his senior class, editor of the school annual, chairman of the Senior Prom committee, captain of the debating team, and a member of the track team.

All of this won him a four-year scholarship to the state university's business school, but Luckman confounded everyone by turning it down. At that stage he wanted to be an architect, so he entered the school of architecture at the University of Illinois. More jobs and more campus activities. When he was graduated—top man again—he had his coveted architect's license. He has never used it since.

There were two reasons for this: Luckman married Harriet McElroy, a coed, two days before graduation; and the year was 1931, when even renowned architects were meeting in soup lines.

When he was offered the chance to draw advertising portfolios for Colgate's soap, he grabbed it. The sales manager questioned the impact of his first layout, so to prove its worth, Chuck hurried out to eight stores and sold his product to seven of them. He found himself transferred to the sales department and assigned to what has been called the most difficult territory in the United States—Chicago's Negro section. He did a bang-up job, and as a reward was next assigned to the Polish quarter—perhaps the second hardest territory.

During this tough but challenging period Chuck loathed the whole selling process, which he regarded as nothing more than a loading operation. He sat up nights evolving schemes to help poor harassed merchants unload the merchandise his sales ability had foisted upon them. His ideas were so effective that Colgate's Chicago sales soared, and he was sent to Milwaukee as district manager. Two years later he was divisional manager of six states.

With this huge territory to account for, he launched a program for the mass merchandising of carloads of wash pails complete with scrub brushes, clothes-lines and—guess what kind of soap. The idea attracted so much attention that Kenneth G. Smith, then president of Pepsodent, sent for him.

In Chicago, Luckman talked with Smith and with the other guiding genius of Pepsodent: Albert Lasker of the Lord and Thomas advertising agency. These astute, profit-minded gentlemen offered Luckman the job of Pepsodent sales-promotion manager, and Chuck didn't resist. After all, it was a nine-to-five job at the same desk each day, and no nights away from home. Besides, what was difficult about merchandising a product with so much sales appeal it was sold by retailers below cost to lure customers into their stores?

Actually, Luckman found himself traveling 51 of the first 52 weeks he was with the company, because its product was suffering from *too much* sales appeal. Although large merchants were buying it at 29 cents a tube and selling

it at 21 cents, many independent druggists refused to have it in their stores. In California there was a state-wide boycott of Pepsodent. Yet at that time any company attempting to set price minimums was in danger of violating the Sherman-Clayton Anti-Trust Act.

His second day with the company Luckman learned that delegates to a convention of the National Association of Retail Druggists were considering a national boycott of Pepsodent. He appeared before the convention and promised the delegates that he would clean house and establish equitable policies.

As evidence of his good faith—and also because it was sound drama—he wrote a check on the spot for 25 thousand dollars as Pepsodent's contribution toward a fund for the passage of a national fair trade act. This was in September of 1935. In 1937, largely as a result of his specific suggestions, the Miller-Tydings Act was passed by Congress.

Meanwhile, with large retailers bucking Luckman's new policy, Pepsodent sales spiraled down to a gross profit of only 600 thousand dollars before taxes. But by 1943 fair trade practices were paying dividends: Profits were up to an all-time high of three million dollars. Last year showed an eleven per cent increase, and this year's record is expected to be even better. Luckman's comment about the whole affair is: "The margin between being a hero and a bum was mighty slim."

However, that was only one margin: the other paid off handsomely, too. Luckman received a million dollars when the flourishing Pepsodent Company was merged with Lever Brothers.

In return Luckman has given the world two things—consciousness of Irium and Bob Hope. Irium is the trade name for the cleansing agent sodium alkyl sulphate, but no one outside the laboratory had ever heard of it until Luckman took it out of obscure type on labels and started persuading people to form the Irium habit.

Likewise, it was Luckman's fast and persistent talking that turned Bob Hope into the nation's No. 1 radio property. In the fabulously successful years they have worked together, the Hope-Luckman team has torn up three and signed four contracts in what Luckman describes as "a series of golden maneuvers to keep Hope happy."

They seem to keep Mr. Luckman pretty happy too.

Woolley Junior

MONTY WOOLLEY, well-known actor, holds his beard in high esteem. While attending a cocktail party in Hollywood, a debutante, to make conversation, said:

"I admire your gray hair, Mister Woolley, but why is it your beard isn't gray?"

Woolley gently smiled, as he replied:

"Because, my dear, it is twenty years younger." —F. P. PITZER



These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE LATE King Edward VII was an indulgent grandparent, but he did not allow the children to interrupt him. At luncheon one day a small granddaughter, allowed as a special privilege to sit next to the king, suddenly started to say something to him just as the salad course was being served. He cut her short and continued with what he had been saying.

The child watched him anxiously and presently tried again to speak, but was again silenced. When the king was quite through with his remarks, he turned to the little girl and asked, "Now, my dear, what was it you wished to say to me?"

"It's too late now," said the little princess. "I was trying to tell you there was a worm on your lettuce."

—LOUISE LAMPREY

COUNSEL (to the police witness): "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he was drunk."

Policeman: "No, sir, it does not. But this one was trying to roll up the white line." —*Armstrong News*

"HE WAS A good druggist," said one. "He was," admitted the other. "But don't you think he made his chicken salad a little too salty?"

—*Slater System Bulletin*

TWO AIR FORCE lieutenants sat in their hotel room and consumed a quart of spirits. One of them had an idea and raised the window. "I'm going to take off and fly around a bit," he remarked boldly. Then, leaping from the window, he buried his nose in the cement three floors below. The next day his friend visited him at the hospital.

"I certainly made a fool of myself yesterday," said the patient. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"I should have," admitted his friend meekly, "but darned if I didn't think you could do it at the time."—*Review*

THE INSPECTOR was paying a hurried routine visit to an over-crowded school. "Any abnormal children in your class?" he inquired of one harassed-looking teacher.

"Yes," she replied, with knitted brow, "two of them have good manners."

—*The Wyatt Way*

"DADDY," asked the minister's little daughter, "why do you bow your head when you go into the pulpit?"

"I'm talking to God," replied the minister.

"What do you say to Him?" pursued the child.

"Well, I ask Him to give me a good sermon to preach."

"But Daddy," returned the little miss, "why doesn't He ever do it?"

—HENRY SMITH LEIPER

TWO ELDERLY brothers, Jack and Ben, lived in the town of Newnan, Georgia. Ben was a moderately prosperous businessman, but Jack was an improvident old bachelor whom Ben finally succeeded in getting into the county alms house.

Some time later I met Ben on the

street and asked him how Jack liked his new quarters. "I think he is a plumb fool," growled Ben. "I was out to see him Sunday, and there he was a-rocking on the front porch. But he wasn't satisfied. I told him he ought to be ashamed because he had clothes, food and shelter and nothing to worry about. He looked at me and said, 'There just isn't much opportunity here.' "

—ELLIS ARNALL
Governor of Georgia

A RETAIL DEALER in stoves wrote to the factory, ordering a carload of stoves. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship stoves until you pay for your last consignment."

"Unable to wait that long," wired back the dealer. "Cancel order."

—THEODORE RUBIN

I HAD JUST finished one of my portraits and the sitter, a dignified old gentleman, was very much pleased with the likeness except for one thing. He thought the expression a bit too severe.

Soon afterward his family stopped in to see the portrait, and they too thought it was fine, but one of them exclaimed: "My, how pleasant father looks."

—WAYMAN ADAMS

"OH, TELL ME," inquired the romantically inclined old maid, "when did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married," was the young bride's instant reply. —*Stats*

SNARLED THE patrolman, surveying the wrecks: "You must have seen that lady driving toward you. Why didn't you give her half of the road?"

Explained the motorist: "I was going to as soon as I discovered which half she wanted." —*Wireco Life*

CLOSE SHAVE: A corporal back from furlough told about visiting his local barber shop, only to find a new barber had taken over. There was also a pretty manicurist whom he had never seen before. So he asked for a manicure. During the course of the clipping he suggested a dinner and a show to the manicurist.

"I don't think I ought to," she said demurely. "I'm married, you see."

"Ask your husband," the corporal suggested. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"Ask him yourself," returned the manicurist. "He's shaving you."

—*Broadcaster*

THE VISITING dignitary had just shaken hands with the chief of police in a small town.

"So you're the chief of police," he said. "And now where can I meet the chief of the fire department?"

"In one moment," replied the chief. "Wait till I change hats."

—PHILIP BEATON

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was fixing his face as he had so often seen her do, when his five-year-old sister grabbed it from him.

"You mustn't do that," she said, "only ladies use powder. Gentlemen wash themselves." —*Stater*

AN AMERICAN missionary who had spent some time in Borneo and vicinity was asked whether he had been able to get the natives to give up cannibalism.

"No," he admitted, "I did not quite succeed in that, but I did persuade them to start using knives and forks."

—CAROL LONG

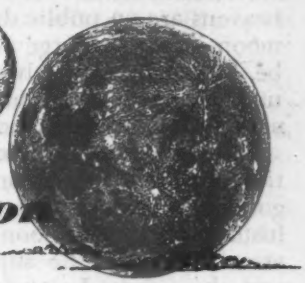
TWO Englishmen were discussing the characteristics of the Scottish people. "One thing you can say for them," commented one, "is that they have a good sense of humor. I wonder where they get it."

The second considered this thoughtfully for a moment. Then he replied, "It must be a gift."

—WINSLOW S. ANDERSON

The evening sky gives nature a chance to play another of her baffling tricks

The moon Illusion



by HAROLD WOLFF

TO LOVERS, poets and song writers, a full moon lying big and bright on the horizon suggests romance and an appropriate rhyme for such words as "croon," "spoon" and "June." To a lot of other people a full moon means trouble. The root of their difficulty is the little-known fact that the thrilling spectacle of the huge golden-yellow orb rising up from the evening skyline is one of nature's tricks, an optical illusion and a baffling one.

Actually, the surface of the moon as you see it is about 1/22nd the area of the earth, or about equal to the area of South America. At its distance of almost 250 thousand miles, the moon ought to look just like a toy balloon one foot in diameter floating in the air about a hundred feet away from you.

Because the moon is about four thousand miles nearer you when it is directly overhead, it ought to look just a little larger than when it is lying low on the horizon. But everyone knows the moon on the horizon looks at least three times the size of the moon overhead.

Why the moon looks so large and languorous when it is low in the sky, and gets smaller and colder as it climbs in the heavens has puzzled astronomers for two thousand years.

Among those who are most annoyed by the moon illusion are the Hollywood cameramen. When the script calls for one of those nights when anything can happen, with a full moon riding the sky, no cameraman would be naïve enough to wait for the heavens to provide their own setting. For although the moon can fool your eyes, it can't fool the camera, and on the film the moon would be its own tiny self, a pale pinpoint in the sky. That's why every Hollywood moon has to be faked.

Artists and astronomers also have trouble with the moon. Artists who paint the moon as it really looks are invariably deluged with complaints. In deference to the illusion—and in self-defense—most artists make the moon much larger than they should. For the same reason, astronomers exaggerate the moon's size whenever they make a

model of the planets. In the Hayden Planetarium in New York, where accurate scale models of the heavens are on public display, the moon is twice as large as it should be. Still people are always calling up the curator to tell him that his model of the moon is too small.

Science's quest for an explanation of the moon illusion has been going on for centuries. Since prehistoric times the moon has been associated with the supernatural and the occult. In ancient Egypt and prehistoric America, the moon was the goddess of growth and fertility, the patroness of medicine men and doctors. Cucumbers, radishes and turnips should, according to a common superstition, be harvested by the light of the full moon. Corn harvested at the full moon was supposed to rot, and superstitious carpenters never use lumber cut during the full moon.

Astronomers since the time of Aristotle have had to cut through this maze of superstition to find a logical explanation for the moon illusion. Most astronomers thought that the horizon moon seems large because you can compare it with trees and buildings around it, whereas the zenith moon is alone in the sky.

According to another widely held theory, dust particles in the air near the earth distort the horizon moon and make it appear larger. Any sailor could give the lie to these explanations, because the moon illusion is, if anything, more effective at sea where there are no buildings or trees or dust on the horizon.

An experiment made in 1925 helped debunk the time-honored fallacies about the moon. Ingenious Frau Doktor Erna Schur, using a Berlin cathedral as her laboratory, projected an image of the moon on a screen hanging from the ceiling a hundred feet overhead, and the same image on another screen the same distance away across the cathedral floor.

Every observer reported that the moon on the lower screen was two or three times the size of the overhead moon. This proved that the moon illusion had nothing to do with the atmosphere or with surrounding objects or even with the moon. It would work for any object a hundred feet away from the eye. For example, to a fighter pilot a plane flying a hundred feet away from him at the same altitude should appear two or three times as large as the same plane flying an equal distance above him. Erna Schur's experiment also proved that the explanation of the illusion is to be found in some quirk of our visual mechanism, and psychologists all over the world began to follow that lead.

TEN years ago, the moon illusion attracted the attention of Professor Edwin G. Boring, director of the Psychological Laboratory of Harvard University. Dr. Boring built an observation platform on the roof of the Harvard Biological Laboratory and each month on the night of the full moon he and his colleagues took up their lonely vigil, carefully measuring the apparent size of the moon as it traveled through the sky. They made a weird picture as they labored over their instruments on the wind-swept roof, their teeth biting hard

on a "biting-board" to keep head and neck in exactly the same position as their eyes in following the moon's path across the sky.

They discovered that the moon illusion can be made to disappear by a number of rather simple devices. Look at a big harvest moon through a tube or a circle made by your thumb and forefinger and the moon shrinks to its normal size. The same thing happens if you look at the moon in an imperfect mirror, or through your legs. People who have lost an eye do not have the illusion at all, and if a two-eyed observer looks at the moon for a long time with one eye covered, the illusion will slowly disappear. This happens gradually because it apparently takes some time for the memory of the illusion to wear off.

If you lie on your back and look up at the full moon directly overhead, it seems to grow larger. If you lie down and look back over your head—a good trick if you can do it—the horizon moon will shrink to its normal size. This apparent reversal of the illusion is explained by the fact that when you are flat on your back looking straight up at the moon your eyes are in exactly the same position as when you are standing erect looking at the horizon moon.

To those who might be tempted to check on his observations, Dr. Boring issues a note of caution. Even his most hard-bitten observers still report a thrill at the sight of the full moon coming up over the horizon. They get no such thrill when they see the moon overhead.

We now know that the strange behavior of the moon must have something to do with the raising and lowering of the eyes. More than that no one is prepared to say. The moon illusion remains one of the most interesting and baffling problems of nature.

Sounds Better with Music



THERE WAS one point on which Mark Twain and his wife were at odds, and that was Mark's profanity. Knowing how his use of the strong word afflicted her, he used to indulge himself when she was out of earshot.

One Sunday morning while he was agonizing through the shaving and dressing hour, with language suited only to the privacy of the bathroom, he discovered that his shirt was shy a button. It was too much! Mark swore in his best manner. His oaths continued with magnificent virtuosity. Then he heard a gentle cough.

The bathroom door was open, and there stood his wife! With a withering look she repeated his last irreverent blast.

"Oh, Livy," he said, "did it sound like that?"

"It certainly did," she answered. "Only worse."

Said Mark sorrowfully: "It would pain me to think that when I swear it sounds like that. You get the words right, Livy, but you don't know the tune!"

—TYLER MASON

How the gift of a pony turned one man's talents in the wrong direction



Gaston Means: COLOSSUS *of Crime*

by ALAN HYND

BACK AROUND 1890, W. G. Means, a prominent lawyer of Concord, North Carolina, purchased a pony for his ten-year-old son, Gaston. The gift of the pony marked the beginning of one of the most astonishing careers in the history of American crime.

Little Gaston Means, a precocious round-faced child, rode the pony around Concord and, at his father's suggestion, listened in on street-corner and cracker-barrel conversations. The information he managed to pick up came in handy when the father, defending a criminal in court, examined prospective jurors.

This juvenile start gave Gaston Bullock Means a thirst for intrigue that he never lost. He grew up to be a cunning, beady-eyed young man. Upon graduation from the University of North Carolina, he became a school teacher, then a traveling salesman, and finally entered the cotton business. His family was wealthy and prominent—his great-grandfather had been governor of North Carolina—and Means was successful. But business was humdrum and legitimate, so when he was thirty he moved to New York.

There he contrived to meet William J. Burns, one of the country's most successful detectives, who gave him a job as an investigator in his detective agency. Means' affinity for snooping made him a capable investigator. Burns was greatly impressed.

A detective's salary was not high, however, and Means looked around for ways of getting money—lots of money. In 1914, when he was nearing his thirty-fifth year, he found the answer to his problem in Maude Robinson King, a 34-year-old Chicago widow whose husband, James C. King, Midwestern lumberman, had left her more than a million dollars.

For nine years, Mrs. King had made the front pages with her escapades. Her relatives, unable to control her, were looking for someone to protect Maude King against herself, and against fortune hunters and gold-brick salesmen. Means met Mrs. King's relatives through an acquaintance, and quit Burns'

agency in order to "protect" her.

He soon had Maude King completely under his influence and talked her into giving him power-of-attorney over a half million dollars in negotiable securities which she kept in a safety deposit box in a New York bank.

In August, 1917, when he had "protected" Mrs. King for three years, Means invited her to his father's Concord estate.

On August 29, the pair went shooting on a target range on the outskirts of Concord. Two hours later Maude King was dead. A 25-caliber bullet had gone through the back of her head. Means explained that "Mrs. King fooled around with my gun after I had warned her not to." A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death, and Maude King was buried in Graceland Cemetery in Chicago.

Nine days after her death, authorities of Cook County, Illinois, received an anonymous communication from Concord suggesting that an examination of the body would prove Maude King had been murdered. When the body was exhumed it was disclosed that the bullet which had taken her life had been fired from a weapon held at head level, not at an angle of any kind. She could not possibly have shot herself.

Gaston Means was indicted for murder. A motive for the crime was suggested in the fact that Means had lost a half million dollars in market speculations. Mrs. King had inquired about her bonds shortly before her death.

Means was brought to trial in November in his native Concord before a jury of nine farmers and three cotton mill workers who were openly impressed by Means' six defense attorneys and by his important family connections.

When he took the stand in his own defense, Means did a great bit of acting. His entrance had been built up by several important character witnesses, including William J. Burns, who described him as conscientious and brilliant.

The jury listened open-mouthed as Means dramatically but falsely pictured himself as a great patriot who had rendered his country valuable counter-espionage service against Germany. Then he resorted to tears, sobbing that he had loved Maude King "as I would love a sister."

Certainly, he said, he had withdrawn her bonds from the bank. "But I turned the money over to dear Maude. I don't know what she did with it."

The jury set him free.

MEANS was vicious as well as cunning. Not satisfied with the half million dollars he had taken from Maude King, he arranged for the prosecuting attorney of Concord to issue a statement, a year after the acquittal, that Mrs. King had been murdered by a German spy bent on framing Gaston Means.

Means thereupon brought suit for more than a million dollars against prosecution witnesses "to clear my good name." He didn't collect any money, but he so obscured the real issues relating to the death of Maude King that he was widely regarded as a persecuted man.

In 1921, President Harding ap-

pointed William J. Burns as Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice (later to become the F.B.I.). One of the great detective's first moves was to appoint Gaston Bullock Means as a special investigator. Means leased a large house on Sixteenth Street, N. W., which presently became the unofficial headquarters for members of the notorious Ohio Gang, who were stealing virtually everything in Washington except the obelisk and the Capitol dome.

One of Means' first assignments in his new and official capacity was to do confidential work for Mrs. Florence Harding, the wife of the President. It was soon an open secret in Washington that Means had uncovered for her evidence of an affair between the President and a girl who lived at the time in Chicago. It was also an open secret that Means had double-crossed Mrs. Harding by letting the President know what he was doing.

In the summer of 1922, Means got himself appointed a special investigator of bootlegging conditions for the Department of Justice.

He blandly told about the graft he collected as a prohibition investigator in a book of which he was co-author, *The Strange Death of President Harding*. He traveled to New York, to various Middlewestern cities, and to the Pacific Coast. His technique was always the same. He contacted the big bootleggers and told them how much he required to permit continuance of their operations.

A visit of several days to any city would net Means about a quarter of a million dollars. All told, he collected about twenty million dollars. He buried a great deal of the money beneath a movable flower bed in the garden of his Washington home. Later he turned most of it over to Jesse W. Smith, Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty's Man Friday.

Jesse Smith was a bewildered man who had come to Washington from an Ohio department store because he had been a childhood friend of the attorney general. He was the weak link in the Ohio Gang's chain. In 1923, he began to drink and to talk too much. The Ohio Gang, which still met in Means' home, became alarmed that Smith would send them all to prison.

On the morning of May 30, 1923, Jesse Smith was found shot through the right temple, in a suite in the Wardman Park Hotel. Director Burns of the Bureau of Investigation, who lived on the floor below, heard the shot, viewed the body, and pronounced Smith a suicide. The body was removed and the death weapon disappeared.

Employes of the Wardman Park Hotel had seen Gaston Bullock Means approaching the hotel just before the shooting.

AFTER PRESIDENT HARDING died, Washington became uncomfortable for Means. He had lost money almost as quickly as he had laid hands on it. What didn't go in market speculation was lost in gambling or was squandered on women and fantastically high living.

Thus, in 1924, when he was in his middle forties, Means was broke. But he soon hit upon a new

source of big, easy and crooked money. He assured bootleggers that he could get whiskey out of bonded warehouses for them. How? Means would smile his oily smile. "Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and I are very close," he would lie.

For fees ranging from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars, Means would "call" Secretary Mellon long-distance on a disconnected phone, speak intimately, hang up, turn to his victim and say, "It's all fixed. The whiskey will be released the first of the month."

Means made the mistake of accepting a check from one bootlegger. When the bonded whiskey was still in bond long after Means had promised its release, the bootlegger told his story in a voice loud enough to reach the ears of Secretary Mellon. Means was sentenced to Atlanta for two years. One of the witnesses against him was Mellon.

Before he was sent to Atlanta, however, Means was also sentenced to a term of two years on another charge—that of attempting to "fix" a U. S. Attorney for a group of indicted individuals who had paid him 65 thousand dollars to get them off through what he quaintly called his "federal connections."

On the eve of his departure for the penitentiary, Means was called before a Senate committee investigating the Department of Justice. Asked by the committee what his occupation was, he replied, "Answering indictments."

When he was released from Atlanta in 1928, Means, as smooth and brassy as ever, met May Dixon Thacker, writer and lecturer and sister of the Reverend Thomas Dixon, whose novel, *The Clansman,* was filmed as *The Birth of a Nation.* Means convinced Mrs. Thacker that he was a repentant, chastened man. He persuaded her to collaborate with him on *The Strange Death of President Harding.* Means knew that a book of his own authorship would be questioned, while Mrs. Thacker's name would lend it authority.

He artfully deceived Mrs. Thacker on most of the vital points in the book. He used a dead telephone in her presence to "call" important national personages to check details. Means made a small fortune from the book, which Mrs. Thacker later publicly repudiated.

Next Means became an anti-communist crusader, for personal gain. He visited New York and familiarized himself with the names of wealthy and prominent people who were outspoken against communism. He then wrote them threatening letters, signed "Agents of Moscow." Later he contrived to meet the recipients of these letters, and induced them to hire him to track down the writers. He collected as much as twenty thousand dollars from worried New Yorkers whose minds he relieved simply by not writing any more letters.

WHEN THE Lindbergh baby was kidnaped in March, 1932, Means committed perhaps his most spectacular crime. He was approached by Evalyn Walsh McLean, Washington socialite and owner of the Hope diamond. She asked his help in finding the baby.

Means told Mrs. McLean he

knew who had the Lindbergh baby. He could get the child back safely, he said, if Mrs. McLean would give him a hundred thousand dollars for the kidnapers and four thousand dollars for expenses.

Mrs. McLean, operating on the not-unreasonable theory that it takes a crook to catch a crook, gave him the money, but only after telling Colonel Lindbergh what she was doing.

As all the world knows, Means staged a melodramatic and convincing show while he pretended to be in touch with the kidnapers. He was eventually exposed and sent to a Federal penitentiary for his fraud. He died there before completing his sentence.

So ended the phenomenal career of a brilliant man with a talent for using people and a genius for getting what he wanted. He demonstrated briefly that he could succeed in legitimate business. One can only guess what heights he might have reached had he not turned his talents into the dark alleys of crime and intrigue.

Christmas Census

WHEN YOU RISE, groaning, from the ruins of your Christmas dinner table, amble to the fireplace and subside with a bowl of nuts and candy, you might like to ponder gently on certain astonishing activities which are, even at that very moment, taking place outside your door. In woods, fields and marshlands, on gale-swept mountain sides, the members of the Audubon Society are out there counting birds.

Since 1900, members of the Society have voluntarily devoted their Christmas holidays to compiling statistics for the Audubon Christmas Count. Last year 2,125 reports, covering nearly five and a half million individual birds, were made. Some of the members were even able to send first-hand information of bird-life in Oahu, the Marianas, as well as the rain-soaked meadows of France. In the Panama Canal Zone six enthusiasts spent twelve hours in an ocean-to-ocean poll which reached right across the Isthmus. They reported that in spite of almost continuous rain, they observed 124 species and 7,174 individual birds.

The masses of statistics which pour into Audubon headquarters each year contain not only plenty of human interest stories but nature-mysteries, as well. For instance, in one spot in the Western United States, a pair of Swainson's hawks are reported seen at Christmas time every year. Yet it is a known ornithological fact that all the other Swainson's hawks winter in the southern part of South America. It has the experts puzzled.

Each Audubon report is quite detailed. A typical return reads: "*St. Petersburg, Fla.*—beaches and lakes 75 per cent, pine-oak woodland 20 per cent, marsh and dense undergrowth 5 per cent. Dec. 26. Fair; temp. 62° to 76°; wind, E. 5 m.p.h. Eighteen observers in ten parties. Total hours, 64⅛ (44⅛ on foot, 14½ in car, 5½ by canoe)." Then the count of species and individuals is listed, followed by the signatures of the observers. All of these reports are carefully tabulated, and considered in conjunction with the Society's data of previous years and their knowledge of the physical geography of the United States. The result is a fairly accurate estimate of the bird population trends year after year.

—MARY CLARK

Picture Story

FOR *the* Laughs

An album of artographs: Paintings and sketches by nationally famous artists and illustrators for men confined, for a while, to plaster casts

WHEN ILLUSTRATOR Stevan Dohanos painted a watch on his brother-in-law's arm cast, recording the time his plane was shot down, it went over big at the Halloran Army Hospital in Staten Island, New York. Soon Dohanos and his colleagues, Dean Cornwell, Albert Dorne, Hardie Gramatky, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Al Parker and Glenn Grohe, were making regular trips to the wards to brighten the men's casts. The laughs the wounded men get out of the artographs are as heartwarming as a Christmas tree.



Dean Cornwell did this fine water color of Lincoln for Captain Beverly Miller, who can appreciate freedom. He was a prisoner of the Nazis for eight months.



S/Sgt. Joseph Schubert was in Halloran Hospital eleven months when Stevan Dohanos glorified his cast. Like all the other artographs, it helps to brighten the monotony of convalescence.



For Pfc. Albert Battino, a veteran of six years, Albert Dorne painted this portrait. Battino spent eleven months in Europe, and he hasn't had a chance to ask Mary to be his wife. But he will soon.



Lt. Harry D. Archer hadn't been at Halloran five hours before Hardie Gramatky whipped up the trick fire engine for him. The big cast is off now—one of Harry's favorite nurses has the art work.



When Stevan Dohanos asked Lt. Anthony Auda what he thought would be the most beautiful subject for a painting, Auda had a ready answer. Loud civilian socks are a GI's dream.

Some of the most glorious sports victories have been won in defeat

Sportsmanship is More than a Word



by EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

THE HARVARD and Yale football teams were ready to take the field for the final game of the 1922 season. It was no secret that Charlie Buell, mainstay of the Harvard eleven, would start the game in bad condition because of injuries. One or two hard tackles would be enough to remove him from the lineup, and without Buell Harvard stood little chance of winning. Yale was expected to get Buell out of the game quickly.

But in their dressing room Yale players listened in astonished silence to their coach, Tad Jones, in the strangest "pep" talk they had ever heard:

"Boys, Yale wants to win this game—but not at the expense of its sportsmanship. You have your chance to show what that sportsmanship is. The first player who roughs Charlie Buell will not only come out of this game; he'll be kicked off the team. That's all!"

Charlie Buell played the entire game—and Yale lost. But that defeat was as great a victory as Yale has ever won.

In the code of true sportsmen, victory through an unfair advantage is no victory at all. In observing the code, they have given many inspiring examples of fair play.

In the open golf championship of 1925, Bobby Jones came into the final round with Willy McFarlane. Suddenly Jones stopped the play to ask that he be penalized a stroke. He had moved his ball slightly in addressing it. Nobody had seen the ball move. The penalty was inflicted—and the two players finished in a tie which remained unbroken through a play-off of eighteen holes. On the final hole of a second play-off, McFarlane took the open by a single stroke.

In the newspaper reports Jones' sparkling sportsmanship went unheralded, but it represented the greatest victory of his career.

In an intercollegiate track meet at Franklin Field in Philadelphia, Larry Shields, Penn State mile runner, accidentally jostled an opponent, who tripped and fell. Shields waited until the runner got up and passed him before continuing the race. Shields won but was disqualified, and Penn State lost the race.

Up in Canada, Rex Wiggins, a cross-country runner of McGill University, noticed that a visiting competitor leading him in a race for the cross-country title of Eastern Canada was making a wrong turn. Wiggins yelled to him, putting him on the right track. McGill's ace runner lost the race.

The list goes on and on, a list of shining victories won in defeat. For there is no greater glory than to lose through good sportsmanship.

A HARE GROWS in MANHATTAN



In tribute to a great actor whose personality has captured the hearts of millions, Coronet brings you the life story of "Bugs" Bunny, as he himself tells it.

The smoke of lower Manhattan, N. Y., was settlin' on the good earth in a fourth-floor-front window box. Me dear old mother looked up and said weakly, "What's up, Doc?" It was me I was born. I never forgot them words.



Me early days was simple and carefree—throwing rocks at little pals, snitching carrots from pushcarts. But it was not entirely no bed of roses. In them days I perfected me famous "rabbit punch" which earned me the respect of the neighborhood.



It was not for nothin' me contemporaries called me "Bugs." I was a born actor. I panicked the crowd with side-splittin' antics with ladies' hats. The future looked bright.



Well, Doc, it wasn't long before I made the ''big time''—ten weeks at the Palace pushing a magician's hand out of a silk hat. The crowds was mystified. ''Bugs'' Bunny was a hit!



Me mother wept in her sewin' basket, me father wept in his soup, but Hollywood called and I answered. I arrived just in time to save the movies from the hams who was overrunning it.



Wit' me four rabbit's foots for luck, nothing could stop me. Doc, I was terrific! I'll never forget one of me early starring vehicles. There I was, chest thrust out, legs set wide apart, me eyes . . . But let's get on with me story.



Wild ''Bugs'' Bunny they called me. The canyons and the deserts rattled with the sound of me six-shooters. Desperadoes ran at the sight of me. But don't get scared, Doc, it was all part of the act—and such actin' was never seen before.



Character parts—history, mystery—nothing was too difficult for me overwhelming talent to undertake. Me cast-iron personality was turned into fourteen carrot gold. But underneath it all I was still the simple soul me mother raised.



Even with me yachts sailin' majestically in me pearl-lined swimming pool, I can still remember them youthful hardships on me highway to stardom. But let me tell you, Doc: If you want to be a success, don't let nobody pin your ears back. THE END

Out of the silver fields of the pioneer West comes this ironic bit of history

A PROPHECY That Failed



by CARL G. HODGES

ED SCHIEFFLIN'S brain burned with the memory of Al Sieber's prophecy. "There ain't no silver in them hills, Ed. That's Apache country. All you'll ever find in them hills is your tombstone."

Ed knew Apache methods and fear gripped him. He rode into a wide, shallow wash. Al Sieber's prophecy kept drumming in his brain. "All you'll ever find in them hills is your tombstone."

He turned a corner of the wash. Before him lay a human skeleton. Just beyond it was another.

The story of the tragedy was clear: two prospectors pour their treasure on the ground between them. Gleaming savage eyes wait.

When morning breaks in golden glory, Apache rifles bark.

The prospectors' bones echo the grim prophecy, "You won't find nothin' in them hills but your tombstone!"

Schiefflin picked up fragments of rich ore. He had stumbled on a clue. On a naked, crumbling ledge not far away the two prospectors had found what they had sought.

Silver float was plentifully scattered along the sides of the wash. He worked his way up the draw to its head far back in the range.

Wet with excitement, he reached the ledge and crashed his prospector's pick into the rock. He picked up a fragment and studied it closely. It was streaked with silver!

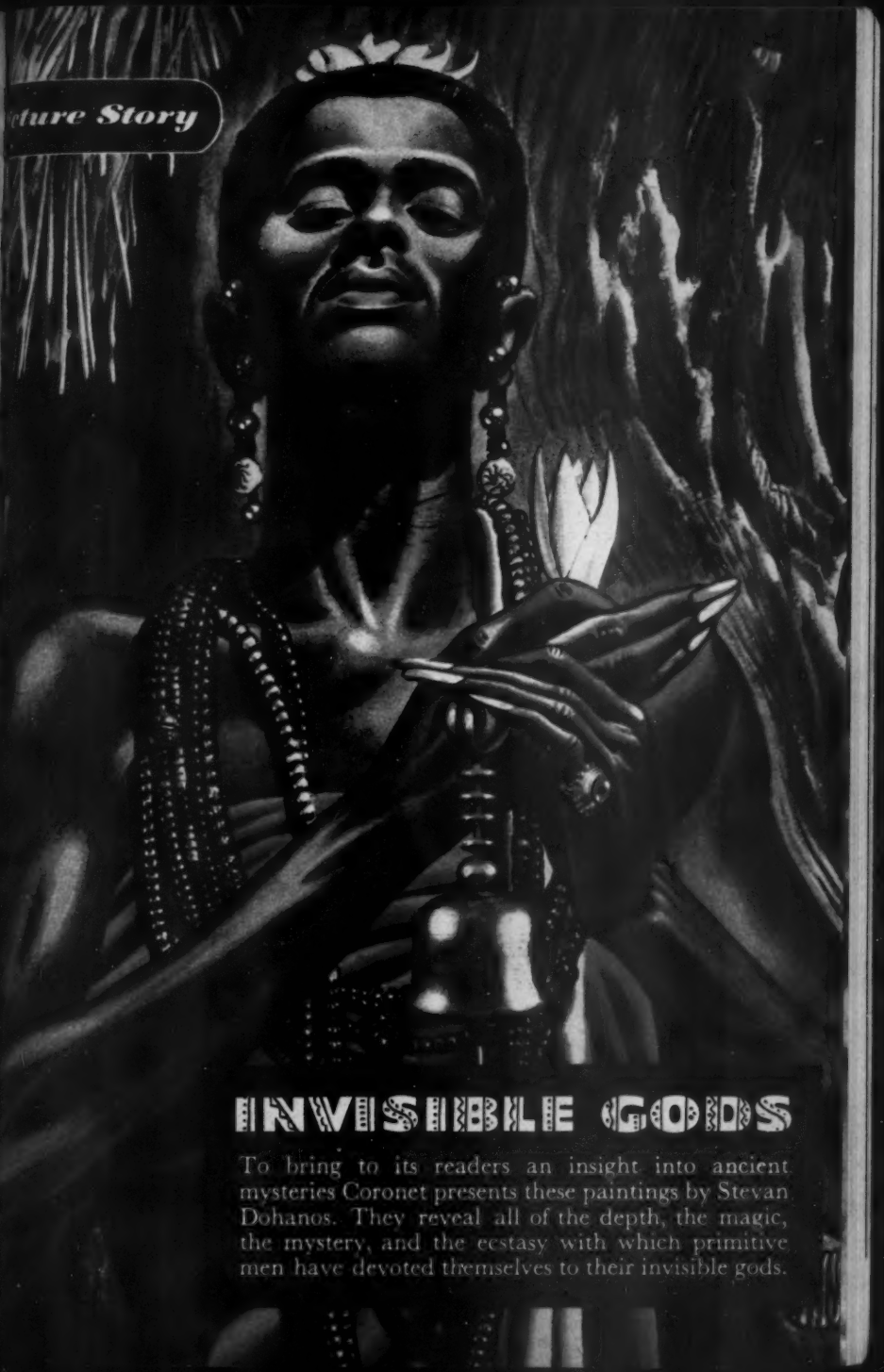
Suddenly his ears caught the sound of a stone tumbling down from the crest of the ridge. He squeezed his body tight against the rugged walls and peered into the deepening haze above him.

On the rim of the ledge, scarcely twenty yards away in the dusk, stood three Apache warriors. Schiefflin gripped his rifle and slid away among the scattered boulders.

He moved like a shadow. But as he wormed his way slowly downward from the verge of the crest, he saw twenty more war-painted Apaches near a spring. He pressed his body against the ground. But the Apaches had not seen him. They rode away into the gathering dusk. Death had passed him. Al Sieber's prophecy had failed.

He chuckled softly as he tasted the merry irony of an idea. He would call his mine the Tombstone.

Unconsciously, ironically, whimsically, Ed Schiefflin had named not only a mine, but the hills themselves, an entire silver field, and a yet unborn town which was to become the scene of some of the most romantic events in the history of the pioneer West. A town that was to achieve fleeting importance, fade into obscurity, and live forever in the memory of men—Tombstone, Arizona.



INVISIBLE GODS

To bring to its readers an insight into ancient mysteries Coronet presents these paintings by Stevan Dohanos. They reveal all of the depth, the magic, the mystery, and the ecstasy with which primitive men have devoted themselves to their invisible gods.



THE SECRETS OF LIFE

The high priests of ancient China believed that the tortoise could reveal the most precious secret of life, the future. Cast into ceremonial fires, the shell of the tortoise assumed strange markings which foretold coming events to the priests who watched. But even with the secret in their hands, they did nothing for fear of angering the gods.



BANISHING EVIL

The evils of unlooked-for death and misfortune torture men everywhere. But on the island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, men have found a way to rid themselves of the evil spirits which destroy happiness and prosperity. With moaning and drumming they banish the unwanted spirits into *fadi*[illegible] into innocent things such as plants, animals, or minerals. The *fadi*[illegible] imprisons the frightened demons and prevents them from making use of their powers of destruction.



GIFTS FOR THE GODS

In the hinterlands of Africa invisible gods who inhabit all the inanimate objects of nature rule the fates of men. Payment must be made, in gifts or sacrifices, to satisfy these gods. No man, not even the tribal chief, is free to do as he pleases. Before he goes on a journey he asks that the rivers and lakes which he must cross be kind to him. As a token of his own good will he sends gifts to the spirit of the waters. Rings sparkling with diamonds are believed to be effective.



THE FIVE EVIL DAYS OF THE AZTECS

The Aztec Indians of Central America, long before the white man came, built mighty temples, richly decorated with precious metals and jewels. They were wise and powerful, but they were plagued by their ruthless gods.

By watching the sun and the stars they knew that a solar year must have 365 days. But for some strange reason they divided their year into eighteen months of twenty days each. The five days left over each year, they presumed, belonged to the gods of evil. Prayer and human sacrifice and blood and wild dances were devoted to those days. But the Aztec priests told the people to expect *more than evil* every fifty-second year. They told them that on the five evil days of every fifty-second year the gods were prepared to destroy the entire world. The priests said the world's end could be averted by extra prayers and increased sacrifice. Accordingly, their frenzy and their prayers for deliverance reached fearful heights. For five days they danced and wailed, until the gods were satisfied and the world rolled on.

They saved the life of a shipwrecked seaman, and he'll fight to protect them

Porpoises to the Rescue

by S. Robert Russell

THERE ARE MANY who believe implicitly that porpoises will rush to save a drowning person and, if unsuccessful, gently push the body ashore. Most old salts are profanely positive that each sleek cetacean houses the soul of a sailor lost at sea. Certainly the average seafarer would no more harm a porpoise than kick a friendly puppy.

Perhaps this is because porpoises are not true fish but warm-blooded, air breathing mammals. Whatever the reason, man seems universally opposed to killing them.

Joe Kavlofski, able seaman, will fight anyone, anywhere, to protect a porpoise. That is as it should be. Except for a school of porpoises, Joe would now be listed "missing."

It happened when the Pacific war was hanging in the balance. Joe's small freighter was ploughing through the night when a Jap torpedo struck.

Joe remembers nothing of the blast. He only knows that when consciousness returned he was in the water, clad only in a life jacket and a pair of shorts. There was a bruise on his forehead, and a bloody six-inch gash made his left leg almost useless.

Fortunately the water was as smooth as glass. There were no other survivors in sight, but land birds, clumps of seaweed and a great billowy cloud that hung stationary, down by the horizon, indicated an island was not far off.

Joe quickly realized that a surface current was carrying him in the wrong direction. In looking around, he spotted a water-logged lifeboat moving toward the island.

Joe paddled painfully to it, tied a length of trailing line to his life jacket, and lapsed into semi-consciousness. Hours later he revived. A half mile away, surf foamed whitely up a gently sloping beach. He choked back a hoarse shout of exultation in a sudden agony of terror.

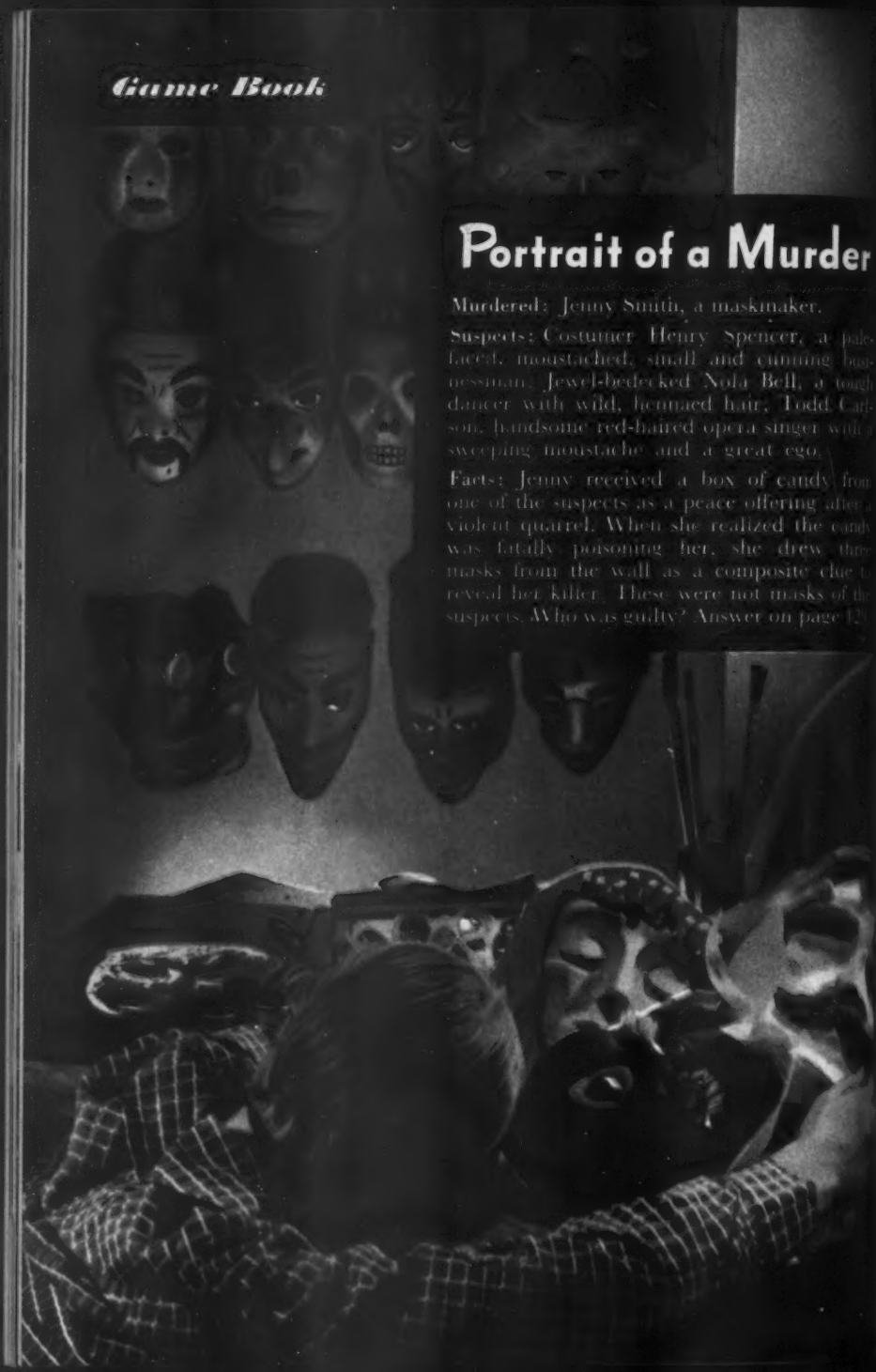
Fifty feet away a towering dorsal fin sliced the surface and the body of a great hammerhead shark showed plainly.

Almost simultaneously an explosive "Whoosshh!" startled him again. He turned and saw the school of porpoises. They came on purposefully, cleaving the water in long, graceful leaps, headed directly toward the shark. The great hammerhead, sensing them immediately, disappeared into the depths.

The island was American-held. When keen eyes sighted the crippled boat the porpoises were still around it. They left only when strong youngsters had swum out after the unconscious Joe.

No, never attempt to harpoon a porpoise if Joe Kavlofski is around.





Portrait of a Murder

Murdered: Jenny Smith, a maskmaker.

Suspects: Costumer Henry Spencer, a pale-faced, moustached, small and cunning businessman. Jewel-bedecked Nola Bell, a tough dancer with wild, hennaed hair. Todd Carlson, handsome red-haired opera singer with a sweeping moustache and a great ego.

Facts: Jenny received a box of candy from one of the suspects as a peace offering after a violent quarrel. When she realized the candy was fatally poisoning her, she drew three masks from the wall as a composite clue to reveal her killer. These were not masks of the suspects. Who was guilty? Answer on page 12.



TAKE A HOLIDAY

with IRVING BERLIN



Coronet gaily presents a holiday Game Book dedicated to a famous composer whose 800-odd popular songs include one for every big holiday—songs like *A White Christmas* and *Easter Parade*. Your quizmaster starts off with a game—not of songs, but of festive occasions. Match each of the clues in the left-hand column below with the proper holiday or special occasion listed on the right. For example, clue No. 1 (Good resolutions) matches (q) New Year's Day. Get 12 right and you deserve a day off; 16, a week-end; all 20, a full-fledged vacation. **Answers on page 129.**

Match up these clues

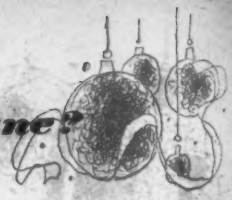
1. Good resolutions
2. Forty days of rain
3. XI, 11/11
4. Yule log on the hearth
5. Grand Army of the Republic
6. Drum, Drum and Fife
7. Sweethearts
8. Painting by Whistler
9. Nina, Pinta, Santa Maria
10. You must register
11. Hunting for ovoids
12. Chopping down a fruit tree
13. AFL, CIO
14. Our Pilgrim Fathers
15. Robinson Crusoe's man
16. Missouri in Tokyo Bay
17. Malice toward none
18. Scared by a shadow
19. Hallowe'en
20. The snakes are driven out

with these occasions

(*a*) Election Day
(*b*) Labor Day
(*c*) V-J Day
(*d*) Washington's Birthday
(*e*) Mother's Day
(*f*) Easter
(*g*) Independence Day
(*h*) St. Swithin's Day
(*i*) Christmas
(*j*) Memorial Day
(*k*) Thanksgiving
(*l*) Groundhog Day
(*m*) Good Friday
(*n*) Armistice Day
(*o*) St. Patrick's Day
(*p*) Columbus Day
(*q*) New Year's Day
(*r*) St. Valentine's Day
(*s*) All Saints' Day
(*t*) Lincoln's Birthday



Remember the Tune?



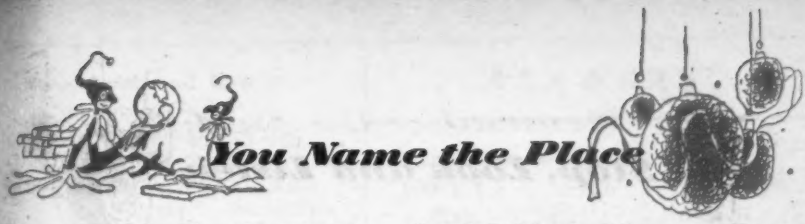
Although one of Irving Berlin's best-known songs was *Remember,* on one classic occasion he forgot his own song and repeated a tune he'd used years before. So don't feel unhappy if there are a few blanks you can't fill in when you play this song-spotting game. Each question counts four points. Score 60 and you're an S. S. (song spotter). To be an M. M. (master of music), you must score 80. If you fill in all the blanks correctly you're still an M. M. but this time it means Memory Marvel. The answers will be found on page 129.

Part I. *"It's always fair weather."* You can fill every blank with a word describing some kind of weather, though in some cases the song-writer didn't intend it in just that way.

1. It ain't gonna.....no more.
2. .....weather, since my man and I ain't together.
3. There'll be a.....time in the old town tonight.
4. Some.....day, with a smile on my face.
5. The North wind doth blow and we shall have.....
6. I've got my love to keep me .....
7. You're.....out of this world.
8. We're having a..... ....., a tropical..... .....
9. Massa's in the ....., ... ground.
10. Oh dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the .....
11. ....., ..., the gang's all here.
12. Breathe and.....,wind of the western sea.
13. .....on, harvest moon.
14. And the dawn comes up like .....out of China 'crost the Bay!
15. Every cloud will wear a..... if your heart keeps right.

Part II. *"Take a number from one to ten."* When you've filled in the blanks you'll have a song to match each number.

1. It's.....o'clock in the morning.
2. And her shoes were number .....
3. I've got.....pence to last me all my life.
4. Night and day, you are the .....
5. I found a million-dollar baby in a .....
6. Picture you upon my knee, tea for.....
7. Glorious! One keg of beer for the.....
8. ....., that's the time we'll meet, at.....
9. .....little fingers and..... little toes.
10. Better be ready 'bout half-past.....



You Name the Place

Cities and countries all over the world have contributed commonplace words to our language; do you recognize them when you hear them? Each of the definitions below matches some city or country (the location of the city or country being given in parentheses after the definition). We were all prepared to crow if Irving Berlin missed No. 13, but he didn't; will you? Counting four points for each, you need a score of 52 to pass... 72 is a good score, 80 or more a big score. You will find the answers listed on page 129.

Part I. The name of a large city can be substituted for each of the descriptions in the following list.

1. A mild perfume or toilet water. (Germany)
2. A large sausage. (Italy)
3. Kidnap and carry off to sea. (China)
4. A dance, popular in the 1920s, done by kicking sideways while the knees are together. (U. S. A.)
5. A fine porcelain. (Germany)
6. Ground beef. (Germany)
7. A humorous poem of five lines. (Ireland)
8. A much-esteemed cigar tobacco. (Cuba)
9. A summer hat made of straw; also, a breed of fowl. (Italy)
10. A complete and final defeat. (Belgium)
11. A military rifle. (U. S. A.)
12. A small dog bred from a bulldog and bull terrier. (U. S. A.)
13. A four-door, partitioned, closed automobile. (Germany)
14. A strong paper used for wrapping, large envelopes, etc. (Philippines)
15. A kind of riding breeches. (India)
16. A goal, or the objective of a pilgrimage. (Arabia)
17. Claret or sauterne. (France)

Part II. This time supply the name of a country (or island or territory) to fit each description.

18. A type of coffee. (Dutch East Indies)
19. A summer hat. (Central America)
20. A goatskin leather used for bookbinding. (Africa)
21. A large bird. (Asia)
22. Crockery, porcelain, dishes. (Asia)
23. Twenty-one shillings in England. (Africa)
24. An orange-peel liqueur. (Dutch West Indies)
25. A type of varnish. (Pacific Ocean)



Stop, Look and Listen



Join a circle of celebrities from the artistic world—writers, musicians, actors—and you'll usually find them playing games. Here are some questions that have recently been popular in the artistic world of Hollywood and Broadway. Watch your step, because it's a clever crowd. Their games may not always be tough, but often they are tricky. Count ten points for each correct answer. A score of 60 is *perfect* (80 to 100 is plu-perfect, and more than 100 is out of this world). You will find the answers on the opposite page.

1. Without multiplying it out, can you judge how many seconds there are in a year? *(a)* 31,536,000; *(b)* 60,717,000; *(c)* 144,000,000.
2. *Their snow play sly comb* represents a familiar saying. If you can't get it, read it to your dumbest friend; he'll answer it right away.
3. Can you make an eleven-dollar purchase with three bills, one of which must not be five dollars?
4. Don't fall for this one: which falls faster, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?
5. Average weekly attendance at the movies this year has exceeded 90,000,000, but the biggest attendance—110,000,000 a week—was some years ago. Can you pick the record year? *(a)* 1925—very few radios; *(b)* 1929—peak of prosperity; *(c)* 1930—millions jobless.
6. And you folk need acumen to pick the perfect rhyme for white of an egg.
7. There are four living ex-Vice-Presidents. Three of them are Charles G. Dawes, John N. Garner and Henry A. Wallace. Who is the fourth?
8. If a parachutist waits ten seconds to pull the ripcord, will he have fallen about *(a)* 500 feet; *(b)* 1,000 feet; *(c)* 1,500 feet?
9. And after the tenth second will the approximate rate of his fall, in miles per hour, be *(a)* 25; *(b)* 100; *(c)* 200?
10. Pick your spelling: *(a)* Encyclopedia Britannica; *(b)* Encyclopaedia Britannica; *(c)* Encyclopedia Brittanica.
11. Perhaps you have heard of the juggler who wanted to cross a bridge with a 200-pound load limit; but the juggler weighed 190 pounds and he wanted to take with him three balls weighing five pounds each. Could he make it in one trip?
12. Look back through a drawer and you'll surely get a reward. See why?

ANSWERS

Stop, Look and Listen

1. 31,536,000.
2. Read aloud, it's "There's no place like home."
3. Use two fives and a one—one will not be five dollars.
4. The lead; air resistance will slow the feathers.
5. 1930—millions jobless.
6. "Acumen" is a perfect rhyme for "albumen."
7. President Truman.
8. 1,500 feet.
9. 200.
10. Encyclopaedia Britannica.
11. There is no way; if he juggles the balls, either catching or throwing a ball will send the weight over 200.
12. DRAWER, backward, spells REWARD.

Remember the Tune?

PART I

1. Rain
2. Stormy
3. Hot
4. Sunny
5. Snow
6. Warm
7. Clear
8. Heat wave
9. Cold
10. Fair
11. Hail
12. Blow
13. Shine
14. Thunder
15. Rainbow

PART II

1. Three
2. Nine
3. Six
4. One
5. Five
6. Two
7. Four
8. Seven
9. Ten
10. Eight

Portrait of a Murder

Only one of the suspects possessed qualities featured by all three masks. The red hair of one mask, the moustache of a second and the singing face of the third mask all pointed to Todd Carlson.

You Name the Place

1. Cologne
2. Bologna
3. Shanghai
4. Charleston
5. Dresden
6. Hamburg
7. Limerick
8. Havana
9. Leghorn
10. Waterloo
11. Springfield
12. Boston
13. Berlin
14. Manila
15. Jodhpur
16. Mecca
17. Bordeaux
18. Java
19. Panama
20. Morocco
21. Turkey
22. China
23. Guinea
24. Curaçao
25. Japan

Take A Holiday

1. (*q*)
2. (*h*)
3. (*n*)
4. (*i*)
5. (*j*)
6. (*g*)
7. (*r*)
8. (*e*)
9. (*p*)
10. (*a*)
11. (*f*)
12. (*d*)
13. (*b*)
14. (*k*)
15. (*m*)
16. (*c*)
17. (*t*)
18. (*l*)
19. (*s*)
20. (*o*)

Coronet Quizzes for Party Use

So that you can now use our famous quizzes either at your family gatherings or with friends, we have selected ten of the best from past issues of Coronet, reprinted them on sturdy quality card stock, 6½" x 4". They are attractively designed and colored and packaged with two quizzes per *Coronet Quiz Card* set. Each quiz consists of five duplicate question cards (allowing five people to compete simultaneously at the same quiz) and one master answer card.

The five *Coronet Quiz Card* sets available are: Quiz set No. 1: *Paging the Sports Page* and *Whodunit.* Quiz set No. 2: *Legal Lingo* and *Going Places.* Quiz set No. 3: *Where in the World* and *Cherchez la Femme.* Quiz set No. 4: *Who Started It?* and *Just Fooling.* Quiz set No. 5: *Question House* and *Sportin' Round.* All five sets (a total of ten quizzes) sell for $1.00 and you can obtain them by enclosing your remittance (no stamps, please) and writing to: Coronet Game Book Editor, Post Office Box 1719, Chicago 90, Illinois.

Many peacetime assignments are waiting for our miraculous servant



New Jobs for the RADAR GIANT

by J. D. RATCLIFF

NEXT TO THE atomic bomb, radar was the top achievement of war research. Yet when the armed forces were finally ready to tell its story—a story that should have made the front pages of every newspaper in the United States—they got the kind of break that would make a press agent reach for an arsenic cocktail. Their story was released on V-J Day.

The war-built radar industry—six times as large as the pre-war radio industry—poses one of our biggest problems now that hostilities have ceased. The problem: what are we going to do with it?

Radar is going to influence our everyday lives as surely as it influenced the course of the war. This miraculous new tool has certain obvious peacetime applications, others not quite so apparent.

A radar-equipped vessel can travel at top speed in fog, snow and heavy rain without fear of collision. It can enter fog-locked harbors, for the owl eye of radar sees buoys, ships, and contours of the shore line. This ability to dock in fog is important. A day spent lying outside a fog-locked harbor costs a medium-sized freighter about three thousand dollars a day; it costs a vessel the size of the *Queen Mary* tens of thousands of dollars.

Radar will mean better blind-landing equipment for planes, which will be able to fly safely in any weather. It will be an important new aid to weather forecasting. It can measure height, direction and velocity of storm clouds better than any other equipment now available.

But before we go into greater detail, let's fill in a little of radar's background.

Radar is a coined word meaning "radio detection and range." The waves which carry radio broadcasts are long—about three hundred meters; radar waves are short—a fraction of a meter. They travel in a straight line, disappearing into space at the horizon.

These short waves have many of the characteristics of light. They may be focused like a searchlight beam. But most important of all, radar waves are reflected. When

they hit a solid object they bounce back. Radar's value as a detector rests on this fact.

Heinrich Hertz, German physicist, unwittingly discovered radar in 1886 by bouncing "Hertzian" waves off a metal target in order to measure wave lengths. But he didn't know what he had discovered. Two civilian scientists working for the United States Navy, Dr. A. Hoyt Taylor and Leo C. Young, rediscovered the radar principle in 1922. While conducting short-wave radio experiments along the Potomac, they noted that a small steamer interrupted the signals they were sending.

Other people kept finding the same thing. In Pittsburgh two researchers noted that automobiles passing along a highway cut short-wave radio signals. In 1930 another group found that signals bounced back from airplanes.

Simultaneously, the significance of this dawned on research men in Britain, France, Germany, the United States and elsewhere. Planes were flying faster and faster, and sonic plane detectors were becoming valueless. An enemy would be almost on target before sonic detectors found him. Something better was needed. Radar was the answer.

But though it was easy enough to see what had to be done, the question was how to do it. Radar would shoot out a pulse signal—the pulse would last about a millionth of a second. Then the set would wait a few thousandths of a second for this signal to bounce back. If these time lapses seem short, remember that radar waves travel at the speed of light—186 thousand miles a second. Thus, one thousandth of a second would be time enough for a signal to shoot out 93 miles, hit an obstacle, and bounce back.

How to make a record of the signal when it bounced back was one problem. Television research helped here. The cathode ray tube became the base for radar receiving equipment. Incoming signals that had hit obstacles and bounced back were amplified and fed into a cathode ray tube. A stream of electrons in this tube sprayed on a fluorescent screen, making an image of what the pulse had "seen."

In a simple form of radar, these images aren't exact, like those on a television screen. A ship or plane doesn't show in outline. It shows as a blob of light called a "pip."

CRUDE RADAR sets were built in the mid-'30s. In 1938 the Army fitted radar to anti-aircraft guns and the following year the Navy installed a set on an old destroyer. England, meanwhile, was building radar detectors to protect the Thames estuary.

When Germany flung the Luftwaffe against Britain in August, 1940, radar was ready. Britain had only eight hundred fighter planes, but radar saw that they were at the right place at the right time. The result was a slaughter. That August the Nazis lost 957 planes. Many people set September 15, 1940, the day the Germans sent five hundred bombers against England, as the turning point of the war. RAF fighter planes knocked down 185 of them.

Radar performed with similar brilliance against U-boats. In 1942

Nazi submarines were sinking ships at the rate of sixteen thousand tons a day. Radar led planes to the submarines — and submarines were sunk at the rate of one a day.

Meanwhile, in the United States, the nation's best scientific talent went to work on radar. The vast radiation laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had four thousand workers. The Signal Corps' laboratory at Belmar, N. J., had another three thousand. Thousands worked at laboratories of Western Electric, General Electric, RCA, Westinghouse, Sperry and Bendix.

By the time the Pacific war had started, the United States was ready with the best radar equipment in the world, equipment that achieved fantastic feats.

Radar on one of our ships off Guadalcanal picked up a Jap enemy eight miles away, giving course and speed of the ship. After the second salvo the ship disappeared from the radar screen. The ship had been sunk, seen only by radar eyes.

Our first anti-aircraft guns, equipped with radar, went ashore on the Anzio beachhead. Gunners were dubious, but they followed directions and kept firing all night. Next morning the beach was littered with destroyed Nazi bombers.

Before 1940 the radar industry didn't exist. By last July, it had delivered 2,700,000,000 dollars' worth of equipment. What are we going to do with this giant industry and its tens of thousands of trained technicians?

Radar's first job will be on commercial shipping. Day and night, in fog, rain, snow, the radar screen gives a picture of obstacles on every side of a ship.

Both fog and snow are a hazard to lake shipping. Snow blankets out the sound of warning buoys, and fog stops most vessels. Two years ago General Electric engineers equipped a Great Lakes ore boat with a radar set.

The boat didn't lose an hour. Steaming full speed through blind weather, it sailed confidently into fog-locked harbors.

Next, General Electric similarly equipped the Maritime Service's training ship, the *American Mariner*. In any weather, this ship finds its way through traffic-jammed New York Harbor.

Fog or bad weather ties up the harbor three weeks a year, costing shippers millions of dollars. In a single day as many as 575 vessels have piled up at its entrance. Radar should end this congestion.

The second great field for radar is in aviation. It will warn pilots of obstacles and prevent collision. It will also tell the pilot exactly how high he is above the ground—instead of how high above sea level, as barometric altimeters do.

During the war, radar pulses shot toward the ground gave bomber pilots a reasonably clear picture of what was below—rivers, coastlines, cities. They could compare these observations with maps, and know exactly where they were at all times. Radar will play a similar role in civil aviation.

Some engineers see completely automatic landings made by means of radar. Information gathered by radar will feed into an automatic pilot which will be able to bring a plane down in the thickest fog.

Radar should solve problems of airport congestion. A large radar screen would show exact location of every plane within thirty miles of the airport. Tower men could call them in, or hold them out.

One novel use suggested for radar is that of surveying wild country like northern Canada or the interior of Africa. Sticking to navigable streams, a survey party could take radar sights on a mountain peak 75 miles away. Radar would give the distance from stream to mountain within a few yards.

Radar will be an important new tool for the scientist in that it measures time with an accuracy hitherto impossible. It gives precise measurements down to less than a millionth of a second. It will find scores of other uses. It would, for example, make an excellent warning system for banks or factories.

No one at the moment is prepared to guess the ultimate impact of radar on our everyday lives. C. J. Burnside, head of Westinghouse's industrial electronics division, makes a nice point in this connection.

"The history of any new development follows a pattern," he says.

"First, people think of new inventions in terms of older inventions. Thus, when radio came along in the first World War all emphasis was placed on point-to-point communication. Everyone thought of radio in terms of the telephone—a telephone without wires. The big drawback, as everyone pointed out, was that other people could hear these conversations. There would be no privacy.

"All the people who knew anything about radio agreed this was the big handicap. Two men in Pittsburgh thought people might *like* to listen in—as they did on party telephone lines in rural districts. They arranged the first commercial broadcast in the fall of 1920. It was an instant success.

"Right now we think of radar as an obstacle detector. Whether this is its ultimate destiny, I don't know. But I doubt it."

Flowery Sermon



THE MINISTER was discouraged. He was not getting results in his little church, and was about to tender his resignation. He decided, however, to preach one more sermon and to make it the best he had ever delivered.

Came Sunday morning. Illustrating a point in his sermon, he remarked that some flowers require full sun. "Others, such as begonias, thrive in shady places," he said.

The service over, a woman, her face beaming, approached the pastor. "Oh, it was such a good sermon," she enthused. "I can't tell you how I appreciate it."

"Thank you, thank you!" exclaimed the minister. "I was beginning to think I was not doing so well."

"Oh, tut-tut," said the woman. "Just imagine, I had no idea why my begonias were not growing!"

—PHILIP BEATON

Even at close range, Bert Allerton's hocus-pocus is mystifying and fascinating

MAGICIAN *of the* Supper Clubs

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

BERT ALLERTON, a Chicago magician, has done as much as Thomas Chippendale or Duncan Phyfe to make tables interesting. Allerton does magic tricks at tables in smart hotel supper rooms. He works wonders with cards, coins, small balls of sponge. Right under the noses of a gaping party he causes a bird cage to appear—and to vanish even as the spectators are touching it. For sheer mystification under trying circumstances, Allerton has been called the most skillful close-up conjurer in the history of the art.

When they visit Chicago, amateur lovers of hocus-pocus—like shipbuilder Andrew Higgins, Orson Welles, Edgar Bergen, Chester Morris—spend all their spare hours in the Pump Room, smart dining room in the Ambassador East Hotel, where Allerton has been holding forth since 1939. He comes to your table by invitation only, and you pay a nominal fee for the privilege of watching some thirty minutes of mystery, staged for your special benefit.

Allerton, a shrewd judge of timing and of the mood of a group at a table, gears his tricks to the spectators. For women, he has cards which change color before their eyes. He fascinates men with a trick in which he stacks five quarters on the top of one's hand, encloses them in a dollar bill rolled into a cylinder; the quarters apparently go right through the palm and fall into a plate; when the cylinder is lifted, there's a stack of pennies on top of the hand.

Allerton plays to an average of fifteen tables an evening, and has performed at about twenty thousand tables during his career.

What makes him unique in the field of sleight-of-hand is that he didn't know a trick until he was past 45. (Most professional magicians, like violin virtuosos, were child prodigies who started studying technique when they were sprouts.) Born Albert Allen Gustafson in Lynn Center, Illinois, in 1889, Allerton was an oil salesman in Chicago for some 25 years. A publisher friend presented him with a set of Dr. Tarbell's correspondence course of magic lessons. Out of curiosity he read one lesson and was so fascinated he threw himself into magic, almost to the

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As a Broadway press agent, Maurice Zolotow helped sell the assorted talents of Tommy Dorsey, Arthur Murray, Count Basie, Carol Bruce, and Margie Hart. But his real love is writing, not ballyhoo, and since 1939 he has written many magazine articles, most of them about screwball Broadway characters. His first book, "Never Whistle in a Dressing Room," was published in 1944. Occasionally Zolotow deserts the Broadway scene, as in this article.

exclusion of everything else. He started constructing huge illusions in his basement – trick trunks, fancy tables, and boxes to make rabbits vanish.

Allerton belies the adage that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. He became so good in four years that the magicians of Chicago elected him president of their society. That was in 1938. A year later he quit his selling job, changed his name, and became a full-time professional.

Allerton is a slim, unassuming, ingratiating chap with snow-white hair, and a neat toothbrush moustache. He wears horn-rimmed glasses through which shy blue eyes twinkle uncertainly. Unlike many magicians, he doesn't try to overpower his audience. He acts a little scared, like an inexperienced insurance salesman facing a hard prospect. When a trick comes off, he pretends to be relieved.

"My slant on magic," he says, "is that it should be fast and colorful. Long, involved tricks, where you have to deal umpteen stacks of cards—put the customers to sleep. When I perform a trick I like it to come to a quick climax, and yet there should be a clearly felt lapse between the beginning and end of the gag so you can review all the steps quickly before the payoff. I find transposition tricks are always sure-fire—tricks where you expect to find quarters, but find pennies instead.

"The way I see it, when a party of four or six asks me to step over to their table, I'm one of them. I don't look upon myself as a mystifier. I think of myself as coming over to tell some funny stories—which I illustrate with cards or coins."

Allerton considers drunks the chief occupational problem of a table-magician. They spoil punchlines, interfere with tricks, start boasting they know how it's done.

"The only way to handle a table of drunks," he says, "is to walk over and do one trick. If you see they're hopelessly squiffled, you just excuse yourself and beat it."

Usually, says Allerton, the drunks think this disappearing act is a terrific bit of magic.

Well Educated



WHILE WORKING for a mining company in old Mexico, we were offered the use of a company truck and driver to move our household goods from one camp to another. In halting Spanish, I cautioned our driver to be careful.

"O. K., kid. I'll take care of the stuff."

The answer was in such contrast to the usual courteous reply of the native Mexican that I asked: "Have you lived in the States? You seem to speak English well."

"Si, Senora," he proudly acknowledged, "I lived there and I spent five years in Leavenworth. That is where I learned to speak such good English."

—MADELINE MILLER

Colchicine, new wonder drug, is a revolutionary development in the field of agriculture

New Plant World A-Coming!

by WILLIAM STEPHENSON

IN THE EARLY months of 1937, while civil war raged in Spain and the blackshirt troops of Il Duce swaggered about the streets of Ethiopia's capital, two young American biologists working quietly in their laboratory stumbled upon an amazing phenomenon.

The scientists, Amos Geer Avery and Albert Francis Blakeslee of the Carnegie Institution at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, New York, had been conducting a series of experiments on various weeds and vegetables, and in that deceptively aimless way of researchers, they had run off a few tests with little-known materials.

In one of these sideline experiments they dissolved a drug called colchicine in water, soaked different seeds in it for various lengths of time, then planted the seeds.

A few weeks later, they were astounded to see that the plants were about twice normal size, literally giants of their species. But the big surprise came when they turned the powerful lens of their microscope onto the tissues of one of the plants. Each cell contained *twice* the normal number of chromosomes, those tiny threadlike organisms which govern heredity in man, animals and plants.

The plant was not really one plant but two—twins, inhabiting the same body!

The substance which caused this remarkable change in the order of things, and which may lead to the production of thousands of new plant forms—tastier fruits, flowers of every size and color with unbelievably sweet odors, trees which will grow faster and be more resistant to disease, and perhaps even new animal forms—this substance was in itself not new.

Ancient Constantinople knew colchicine as the only cure for gout. Patent-medicine peddlers roamed America's Middlewest in the nineteenth century proclaiming colchicine an infallible remedy not only for gout but for lumbago, arthritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, hives, neuritis, or any other ailment you could name.

It was not until biologists Avery and Blakeslee set the strange material free from its undeserved

quack reputation that colchicine really came into its own. A yellowish-white powder, about the same texture and weight as icing sugar, colchicine is extracted from a plant known to breeders as *Colchicum autumnale,* but more familiarly to farmers of Central Europe and gardeners of North America as the autumn crocus or meadow saffron. The drug, an alkaloid like quinine or caffeine, is soluble in cold water, chloroform and alcohol.

As might be expected, publication of the first paper prophesying a new age for agriculture set the plant world agog. There was a rush to experiment with colchicine. Almost immediately, a mint plant was produced which contained more and possibly better mint oil. Bigger or sweeter-smelling radishes, tomatoes, turnips, marigolds, phlox and other plants began to appear at exhibitions. They had been given a shot of the drug.

Colchicine, according to those who were working with it, doubled, tripled or even further multiplied the chromosomes in the plant cells, depending on how long the seeds were allowed to soak. No plants tested were able to withstand its powerful effects, except for yeast plants and the autumn crocus itself.

Just how does this drug work? How does it go about increasing chromosomes?

"Colchicine," said one experimenter, "acts on plants the same way ether acts on humans, that is, as an anesthetic."

In the process of growth, plant cells are dividing and re-dividing almost constantly. Each cell on the root and branch tips divides to form two new cells, and each of these divides to form two more, and so on.

Suppose a plant has ten pairs of chromosomes, or twenty chromosomes in all. Under ordinary conditions, at the time of cell division each of the twenty chromosomes splits lengthwise into two parts, making forty new chromosomes. Twenty of these go to one side of the cell and twenty to the other side. When they are all in place a wall forms between them, and where you had one cell containing twenty chromosomes, you now have two cells each containing twenty chromosomes.

Now take a look at the way colchicine operates. It waits till the groups have separated to their respective corners, then, just as the wall is about to form between them it puts the whole cell to sleep for a few hours, and *keeps the wall from forming.* When the cell awakens, it has forty chromosomes.

WITH THIS evidence before him, Dr. Blakeslee stated: "Colchicine has given scientists a tool for the production of new species of plants at will."

Soon after it was reported that a Japanese biologist had successfully experimented with the drug on silkworms. In 1940 an American worker treated chicken eggs with colchicine during incubation and found that it induced bigger combs and tail feathers in both males and females.

With the attack on Pearl Harbor, the work with colchicine was put aside for more important matters, although a few Americans continued to experiment. But in

Canada two agencies became vitally interested in the possibilities of the new drug. They were the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the National Research Council of Canada.

Since 1941, with not more than a half dozen people working on colchicine, the Dominion of Canada has produced remarkable results.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa was faced with a serious problem. Over a period of years, farmers of Southern Saskatchewan had plowed under land which was better adapted to grazing purposes. The farmers had sown a wind, and they reaped a whirlwind in the form of great choking clouds of sand and topsoil which buried their homes and barns, turning their fertile fields into arid desert. They called on the government for help.

Not long ago government scientists harvested the sixth generation of a crop which may revolutionize cattle-breeding and turn deserts into green oases. By judicious use of colchicine they had crossed certain species of perennial wheat grass with a cultivated species of wheat and had obtained a hybrid grass which seems to have everything a cattleman could desire.

Sterile hybrids resulting from these crosses were successfully treated with colchicine to double their chromosomes and restore fertility. These hybrids are still undergoing tests to determine their hardiness, resistance to drought, and economic value. Eventually, it might be possible to sow all of Southern Saskatchewan and northern Montana, if they want it, with this promising forage crop.

Some forms of clover, too, produce no seed. A simple doubling operation may make these clovers perennials. Experiments have just been started in this field.

CANADIAN scientists have also been using colchicine in experiments with trees, flowers and fruits.

Normally, in work with trees, the average experiment takes anywhere from 40 to 150 years to complete. You try to cross one tree with another to propagate some desirable feature such as quick growth, resistance to disease, thicker foliage. Then you settle back to wait a century or so to find out if the thing will work. Now, with colchicine, centuries may possibly be reduced to a couple of seasons.

Dr. A. W. S. Hunter, of the horticulture division of the Dominion Experimental Farm, has been working with fruits and flowers. He left his microscope when I entered his laboratory to discuss colchicine's prospects. He picked up a gorgeous bronze snapdragon which he had just propagated with colchicine. It was easily twice the size of the ordinary variety.

"Doubling the size of a plant is spectacular and important, but this property of colchicine is less important than its apparent ability to make some sterile hybrids produce seed," he said.

Nevertheless, commercial florists are already interested in his new flower. A bigger snapdragon will sell better, they feel, and if it can be grown faster and retain its fragrance, they are certain it will replace the ordinary variety.

Dr. Hunter thinks the greatest

changes will be in small fruits like raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, gooseberries, apricots, cherries, plums and peaches. He sees no reason why there should not be hundreds of combinations within each species, each having its own distinctive flavor, taste and special properties.

Woody plants such as pear and apple trees require an "after-ripening" process before they will germinate, and the normal procedure of soaking their seeds in colchicine would kill them. But it has been found that if the hard outer coating is peeled off and the undried seeds immersed in a colchicine solution, germination is facilitated. In that case, the woody plants may also be susceptible to treatment.

This suggests the possibility of thousands of different fruits with strange exotic names—apriplums, peachicots, cherricots, lemoranges, limoranges, grapelimes—salad bases without end, a dazzling variety of colors, odors and tastes.

This is not a dream. It is cold sober fact borne out by scientists. "The greatest plant discovery since Mendel's law of heredity" promises to make life more colorful, healthful and happy.





How an Unread Note Lost a Battle

ONE MAN once thrust a note unread into his pocket. Doing so cost him his life, a country, a battle, and very probably a war. It happened like this:

Colonel Rall, commander of the Hessians, was spending Christmas night, 1776, in a highly entertaining fashion. While the wind howled and the sleet, snow and hail beat against the window panes, the colonel sat before the blazing hearth-fire of his host, a Mr. Hunt, his self-satisfaction increasing with each drink.

Along toward dawn, therefore, Rall was pretty drunk. About this time the Hessian sentry delivered a note to the colonel with the remark that the messenger had said it was urgent. However, the befuddled commander stuck the note into his pocket without even a second glance.

Scarcely a half hour later the rattle of musketry and the booming of field artillery were heard. The Hessian pickets broke back into the town with the astounding news that the place was surrounded.

Although it was too late for organized resistance, Rall placed himself at the head of a hastily gathered remnant of his forces and did his best to hold the Americans. He was shot from his horse. His men were routed and the American victory was complete.

The wounded Hessian colonel was picked up and carried into a church which had been hastily opened as a hospital.

Just before he died Rall thought of the note. It was in English, so he handed it to an American officer to read. It had been sent by a Tory of the neighborhood and warned of the Americans' crossing of the Delaware and their descent on Trenton.

—THOMAS E. LAW

Everyone in America knows that Margaret O'Brien is a great motion picture star—except Margaret O'Brien



Beloved Witch

by FRANK S. NUGENT

MARGARET O'BRIEN is something new under the Hollywood sun. She is a child actress who does not sing, does not dance and does not romp around rearranging the emotional patterns in unsettled adult minds. No one ever called her pretty, but many have called her beautiful. Reams have been written about her talent since she hung up her star at M-G-M, and probably the most telling praise was wrung from the lips of Lionel Barrymore as he finished a scene with Margaret in a *Dr. Gillespie* picture a few seasons back.

"Gad!" muttered Mr. Barrymore, "if that child had lived 250 years ago, she would have been burned as a witch." Which was a Barrymore's way of saying that the child's talent is uncanny, and that she acts by instinct where others act by rote. What's more, her instincts are usually right.

But eight-year-old Margaret knows nothing of this. She just loves to act.

One evening recently, she presented herself at dinner enveloped in a sheet and carrying a lighted candle which she set on the table before her. Mrs. O'Brien and her young sister Marissa, who lives with Margaret and her mother, exchanged puzzled looks but made no comment. Neither did Margaret. As the meal progressed, their curiosity finally boiled over.

"We give up," Aunt Marissa said. "Who are you?"

Margaret reached for the last crumb of cake. She didn't speak until she got to the doorway. Then she turned and said, "Jennifer Jones, *Song of Bernadette.*"

Like other Hollywood stars, Margaret keeps a scrapbook; but *unlike* other stars her book contains nothing about herself. Rather, it is filled with clippings and pictures of her favorite actress, young Elizabeth Taylor, star of *National Velvet.* Why Miss Taylor? "Because," as Margaret enumerates breathlessly, "she has one horse, three dogs and five chipmunks." And she adds quickly, "Some day I'm going to have five canaries, one horse, two ducks, one dove, one dog and a collie."

At present, Margaret's menag-

erie includes two canaries, a cocker spaniel, and a colt named Lightning which Director Mervyn Leroy is holding in trust for her until he is big enough to be ridden.

As for her unique distinction between dogs and collies — that can be traced to the six times she wheedled her mother or Aunt Marissa into taking her to see *Lassie Come Home,* which established the collie as more than just a dog in her mind.

Margaret's trip East last winter was filled with wonders and one big disappointment. When she was in New York, she clamored to see the play *Harvey,* because she heard it boasted a six-foot rabbit, and her disappointment was visible when she learned the rabbit was not. "Why," she asked her Aunt Marissa, "do people bother to go if there really is no rabbit?"

Margaret also attended the Salute-to-the-Wounded show at Madison Square Garden and was exposed, without coaching, to the questioning of the master of ceremonies, Milton Berle. "Are you staying in Manhattan?" he inquired. "No," she replied soberly. "At the Waldorf-Astoria."

In Washington, Margaret lunched three times at the White House, once with Mrs. Roosevelt, once with President Truman, who was vice-president at the time, and once with as many of the Roosevelt grandchildren as could be conveniently assembled. Her report on these parties omitted certain of the details. Delivered all in one sentence, and with a slight pause for breath, it was: "I met Falla and he came back from the hospital he got married and his wife bit him and he had to go to the hospital."

From the foregoing it should be plain that the O'Brien, however magnificent professionally, remains a typical eight-year-old in private life, even to the extent of having to wear braces on her teeth.

Her responses are completely feminine, though. Jose Iturbi once asked if he might have lunch with her. Margaret accepted. Mr. Iturbi called back on the appointed day to break the luncheon date, because something unforeseen had come up. A second date was set, and broken. Margaret was noncommittal when the gentleman asked for a third. After Mr. Iturbi left, she turned to her mother and remarked, "I don't think I should seem too eager, do you? After all, he did break our other two dates."

That Margaret has an amazing memory, however, is no news to the men who have made her pictures. She was only six when she made *Lost Angel* and had to learn fifteen words of Chinese. Metro hired an instructor for a week, but Margaret spent half a morning with him and then breezed through the scene not merely letter-perfect but accent-perfect.

She has had to learn all her parts by ear. Her mother reads the lines, then Margaret recites them back. She rarely misses.

How Margaret became the great little actress she is will never settle the argument between the heredity vs. environment camps. She was born of show people and has lived all her life among them.

When her mother, Gladys, whose maiden name was also O'Brien, met and married Larry O'Brien, manager of a vaudeville troupe,

she and her sister were dancing at the San Diego Fair. After her marriage, she gave up the stage and opened a dancing school. Fourteen months later, Larry died of tropical fever, and two months after his death his daughter was born. She was christened Angela Maxine. And when she was eight months old, the O'Brien girls stowed her in a bassinet in the back seat of their car and drove to New York, where Marissa was booked as a dancer at the Waldorf-Astoria.

From then on Maxine, as she was now called, virtually lived backstage. As soon as she could toddle, she was trying on costumes, tossing flowers to unseen admirers and playing extravagant games of make-believe.

An advertisement by photographer Paul Hesse for a child model proved her first step toward movie stardom. For a few months later four-year-old Maxine's pictures began appearing on magazine covers. Never identified, she was just a little girl with her brown hair in braids and usually holding a cocker pup in her arms.

That brought her to the attention of Hollywood agents, and one took her to see Mervyn Leroy. He didn't have a place for her then, but he remembered her when he needed a pixylike little girl in the Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland picture, *Babes on Broadway*. The arrangement was a hundred dollars for one day's work, 150 dollars for two. Through a slip-up, her mother was not given a script until ten minutes before Maxine was to go onstage for rehearsal of her lines. Yet when those ten minutes were up, she romped through rehearsal, then made a perfect take.

She had cheated herself out of fifty dollars, but she had made her bid for *Journey for Margaret*, the picture that launched her on her career, gave her a new first name, and so impressed Clark Gable that he sat through two performances, then invited the new star to lunch, muttering, "The kid's great, I've got to meet her."

Nor was it a press agent's stunt when Maxine asked a Los Angeles court to change her name to Margaret. "How do you know you won't want to change your name after your next picture?" the judge asked with reasonable skepticism. "Oh, no," she replied fervently. "I *like* Margaret!"

And don't we all?

Literary Lapses

LITERARY BLUNDERS are in evidence, even among the great writers of the world. Here are some from a long list recorded in an attic tome:

A Paris news journal once described the discovery of a naked corpse in the Seine with ten sous in his waistcoat pocket!

Shakespeare was in there pitching too. He had a cannon boom in *King John;* but cannons were not constructed until 150 years later.

Before undressing to swim to the wreck, Robinson Crusoe took care to fill his pockets with biscuits!

—E. C. BARNEY



Four pages of capsule reading—varied, amusing and memorable

Fish from the Sky

JUST IN CASE you happen to be on St. Lawrence Island in the wintertime and you hear a sudden shout, "Fish—it's raining fish!" don't just stand there with your mouth open. Do as the Eskimos do! Grab all available pots and pans and rush out and gather up next Sunday's dinner.

Who said life in the city was convenient? On this little island near the Bering Sea, the Eskimos have become quite accustomed to catching their fish from the sky. These fish, incidentally, range in size from several ounces to about ten pounds. For several seasons no one could figure out a scientific explanation for this strange phenomenon which occurs only in winter. Then Otto Geist, one-time Alaskan University anthropologist, came through with the answer.



Geist explained that the snow falls into certain bays in this area at about the same temperature as the water, then instead of completely melting, sinks to the bottom as slush. Later ice forms on the water's surface and subsequent changes in the salinity of the water cause the bottom slush to rise while the fish are caught in between. Ergo, the fish soon freeze in their layer of ice. Winter pressure then breaks the ice into cakes, whereupon strong winds subsequently tear the fish from these icebergs and whirl them inland.

No wonder, then, the Eskimos look forward to winter with such wonders going on before their very eyes! —STANLEY J. MEYER

Seven Minutes Well Spent

ON ITS LAKESIDE car line the Baltimore Transit Company has a certain Mr. Smith who has accomplished more with seven minutes than anybody else we have ever heard of.

No. 24 is a short line, which runs only from the Roland Park water tower to the oval of tracks in the woods at the end of the Lakeside line. It is toward the improvement of this oval that Conductor Kenneth Smith has directed his seven-minute interludes.

Five years ago the half-acre tangle of shrubs and briars which met Mr. Smith's gaze every time he had to undergo his seven-minute wait

at the end of the line offended his sense of the aesthetic. So he decided to do something about it.

Now, among the birches, red oaks and poplars, there bloom in season iris, violets, roses, petunias and zinnias, all of which were planted by Mr. Smith. He has hauled cinders for walks, set out borders of brick and whitewashed stones, and made a green lawn. At the suggestion of Mr. Smith, the company put up a flagpole, and built a barbecue pit and a tool shed. In fact, the well-directed seven minutes of Mr. Smith have produced as nice a picnic spot as anyone could wish.



The flagpole isn't a mere gesture, either. From it each sunny day flies the American flag and, in addition, a service flag with two stars.

—M. P. REA

Passionate Pigmy

DISTINCTLY AND exclusively American, the hummingbird's genesis and his habitat lie in the two Americas, North and South. His species has not, so far, been discovered in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia or any of their outlying islands.

His wooing, as reported by the patient few who have observed it, is spectacular. This iridescent atom pursues his enamorata, who perches upon a limb to observe and judge her tempestuous suitor as he spins around in circles, ellipses, figure eights, and what not.

The male hummingbird swings to and fro like a pendulum with its spring released. He dances in the air like an inebriated butterfly, he darts back and forth like an electric shuttle. He stands on his head, he stands on his tail, he spirals up and volplanes down. He climbs upstairs vertically, and power-dives back, all the while singing his love song which sounds to the human ear like a thin squeak, but has, no doubt, vibrant overtones far above the reach of human perception.



At last, his all-American lady love, being duly impressed, slips from her twig and stands in the air for a nearer view of this fascinating personality. She then retires to the branch for further thought. Encouraged, the wooer indicates their possible route by making short trial runs back and forth. Finally she slips off the limb and follows. Human eye has never yet discovered their rendezvous, nor has eye followed the speed of their flight.

—E. CLIFFTON

One-Man Blood Bank

AMERICA'S all-time Number One blood donor is unquestionably Ed "Spike" Howard of Philadelphia. Hundreds of persons owe their lives to him. His veins have been tapped on more than a thousand occasions.

Once he rushed by dog sled to a little Vermont mountain village where the father of President Coolidge lay dangerously ill. On another occasion, former Governor Earle of Pennsylvania sent out an urgent plea for "Spike" to give blood to Mrs. Earle. He's chartered a plane to fly to the bed-

side of a little girl dying from infantile paralysis in California.

Now 67, and still healthy, Howard has no intention of giving up this humanitarian work. He's been at it for 33 years, and has never accepted a penny for the 1,030 transfusions he has given—whether to blood banks or in emergencies. In money, that represents twenty thousand dollars he rightfully might have claimed.

Doctors and scientists who have studied Howard are still baffled by this walking Fountain of Youth, who has, on occasion, given three donations in a day without the slightest apparent effect on his physical well-being.



—Alan Waters

A River Through the Sea

If asked to name the longest river in the world, 999 people out of a thousand would answer the Mississippi, Missouri, the Amazon or the Nile, each about four thousand miles from source to mouth. They would be wrong, for it is the Gulf Stream that takes the honors.

Yes, in spite of the fact that its banks are water instead of land, the Gulf Stream *is* a river, and its five-thousand-mile course through two oceans is the longest in the world. From the Gulf of Mexico it flows northward near the coast of North America until it reaches the Newfoundland Banks. There it turns and sweeps eastward across the Atlantic. Between Florida and Cuba it is about fifty miles wide and has a speed of four miles an hour. Its deep blue, almost purple waters are clearly defined against the light green of the sea.

Off the coast of Florida the temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86 degrees. Opposite Labrador, some two thousand miles north, the temperature has fallen only eleven degrees. In fact, like an immense hot water heating system, the Gulf Stream warms the coast of Europe and is largely responsible for the temperate climate of England, which, located in the same latitude, would otherwise be another Labrador.

Scientists' explanation for this strange sea-going river leaves much unanswered. They say that the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, driven westward by the trade winds, pile up in the 1,500-mile circular basin of the Gulf of Mexico. Having no other way to get out, they sweep northward between Florida and Cuba as the Gulf Stream. Yet it is curious how this amazing stream manages to keep its identity, its peculiar color, and temperature while flowing thousands of miles through the ocean against the forces of counter currents which even cross its course.



—Morrison Colladay

Tale of a Bed Sheet

In North Africa, tremendous value is placed on many items which the average American soldier or sailor considers commonplace. Seaman Lazer Fitsch discovered this almost immediately upon stepping ashore from his destroyer on his first leave in Casa-

blanca when a pretty little French refugee named Celeste spoke to him.

Did the kind sailor have an extra bed sheet he could give her so that she could add to her badly tattered wardrobe? One which she could make into a blouse and skirt? Lazer had, and procured his mattress cover for her. She was so grateful that she accepted his invitation to meet him that evening and go for a stroll. She would even wear her new outfit which she planned to make that afternoon.



At eight o'clock that night Lazer met the little French girl, who looked charming in her new white blouse and skirt. Her platform shoes patted pertly on the pavement as arm-in-arm they sauntered past the sidewalk cafes, past the table where young Fitsch's commanding officer was sitting.

"A cute couple," the lieutenant commander absently remarked to a friend. He gazed at them as they passed and suddenly his face turned a choleric red. Black and stark across Celeste's back was stenciled the name LAZER FITSCH.

On the following day, the bearer of that name faced a court-martial for appropriating government property. —EMILE SCHURMACHER

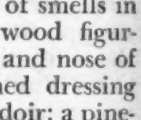
New Era for Noses

THE NOSE IS a neglected organ, believes Ralph Bienfang, professor of Pharmacy at the University of Oklahoma. We have pictures to delight the eye, music to soothe the ear, but we have done little to please the nose. From investigating odors and their effects on people the professor has collected a "smell file" of four hundred odors ranging from apple to zinnia.

Each odor is preserved on a regular file card. Bienfang hopes that these cards will be the foundation of a new era for noses in which pleasant odors will be used in furnishings, advertising, and art.

This seemingly whimsical collection is used by Professor Bienfang to demonstrate the use of smells in direct-mail advertising. The professor once impregnated the odor of freshly baked bread on the printed surface of a picture of bread circulated by a bakery concern. For an insurance company in Oklahoma he created a blotter which literally sold insurance through the nose. The blotter pictured a house aflame, and smelled of burning wood.

The Oklahoma smell expert has also proposed the use of smells in furnishings: scented wood figurines to please the eye and nose of the beholder; perfumed dressing tables for m'lady's boudoir; a pine-walled study that smells of pine needles; even doors implanted with a non-offensive fly repellent.



The role of smell is unconfined in Professor Bienfang's world of tomorrow. Odors and music may blend in concert halls, with scents emanating through air-conditioning systems. Books, too, may some day be appropriately scented—sea stories with pages impregnated with sea air and love tales delicately perfumed. —RHODA RODER

The amazing odyssey of a collie with winning ways and a sure sense of direction

Hitchhike for Punch



by JIM KJELGAARD

PUNCH WAS SMART. You had only to look at him to know that. He was also happy, and the fact that he was only half collie didn't seem to bother him. He could perform all the usual tricks as well as any thoroughbred. Gentle and friendly, he was always ready to play along and eager for any new adventure.

From early puppyhood Punch had lived in a suburb of San Francisco as the pet of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams. He had never been very far from home until one day in May, 1935, when his owners started out to visit relatives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After a leisurely automobile journey they reached the home of Mrs. Williams' brother and his family. There Punch took over. He appointed himself guardian of the family's two-year-old son and in three weeks had so firmly established himself that when his owners were ready to return home, they were persuaded to leave Punch behind. They knew he would have a fine home and the affection on which he thrived.

But they neglected to consult Punch. He happened to prefer his old home, and his odyssey in search of it is one of the amazing journeys of animaldom.

Two days after his owners had departed, on June 10, 1935, Punch disappeared. The neighborhood was scoured, the dog pounds were visited, police help was enlisted in the search for Punch. But he had vanished. It was finally decided that he had been stolen.

Actually, Punch was on his way home.

Nobody knows exactly how the dog found his way out of Pittsburgh, but eight days later a salesman on his way to Youngstown, Ohio, overtook him on the road just outside of North Lima, Ohio. Punch seemed in good spirits and in excellent health.

The salesman stopped his car, opened the door, and whistled. Without any hesitation, Punch jumped in and sat beside him. His alacrity in entering the car suggested he was accustomed to riding with strangers and explained why he was not footsore.

While the salesman transacted his business in Youngstown, he left the car in a parking lot. Because he didn't think it wise to let the dog wander alone through the city, he locked him in the car. When he returned, Punch was contentedly sleeping on the floor. He remained in the car that night and sat happily beside his companion when they left for Columbus the next morning.

But when the car headed back toward Youngstown a day later,

the dog whined and pawed at the windshield. Finally, he leaped through the open window, picked himself up from the ditch, and started limping back toward Columbus. When the salesman attempted to catch him, Punch raced into an open field and disappeared.

It seemed obvious now that the animal wanted to go West and knew his directions. He was next seen, on August 23, at a filling station near Mason City, Iowa.

Evidently Punch had become an experienced hitchhiker. He was still fat and in good spirits. The owner of the filling station and his wife welcomed and fed the dog, assuming that he had strayed from home and would eventually be claimed. But they soon were secretly hoping they could keep him.

However, Punch's behavior puzzled them. To all outward appearances he was happy. He ate well, slept contentedly, and responded with enthusiasm when anyone romped with him. But he met all west-bound cars with wagging tail and dancing paws and anxiously scanned their occupants.

After ten days at the filling station the dog suddenly was gone. This time he had stolen a ride in the rear of an empty moving van bound for Omaha, Nebraska. When the driver stopped to inspect his tires some 75 miles beyond Mason City he discovered Punch watching him with great interest.

When the truck finally pulled up at the freight terminal in Omaha and the driver opened the cab door, Punch slipped out.

The collie next appeared, on November 29, ten miles outside Trinidad, Colorado. He was seen trotting along the road by many motorists who passed him. But every time a west-bound car approached he swung around to face it. Finally another salesman on his way to Durango succumbed to Punch's appeal and stopped. The dog leaped eagerly through the open door and seated himself beside the driver. In Durango, however, the animal sensed that this hitch had ended, so once more he ran off and struck westward.

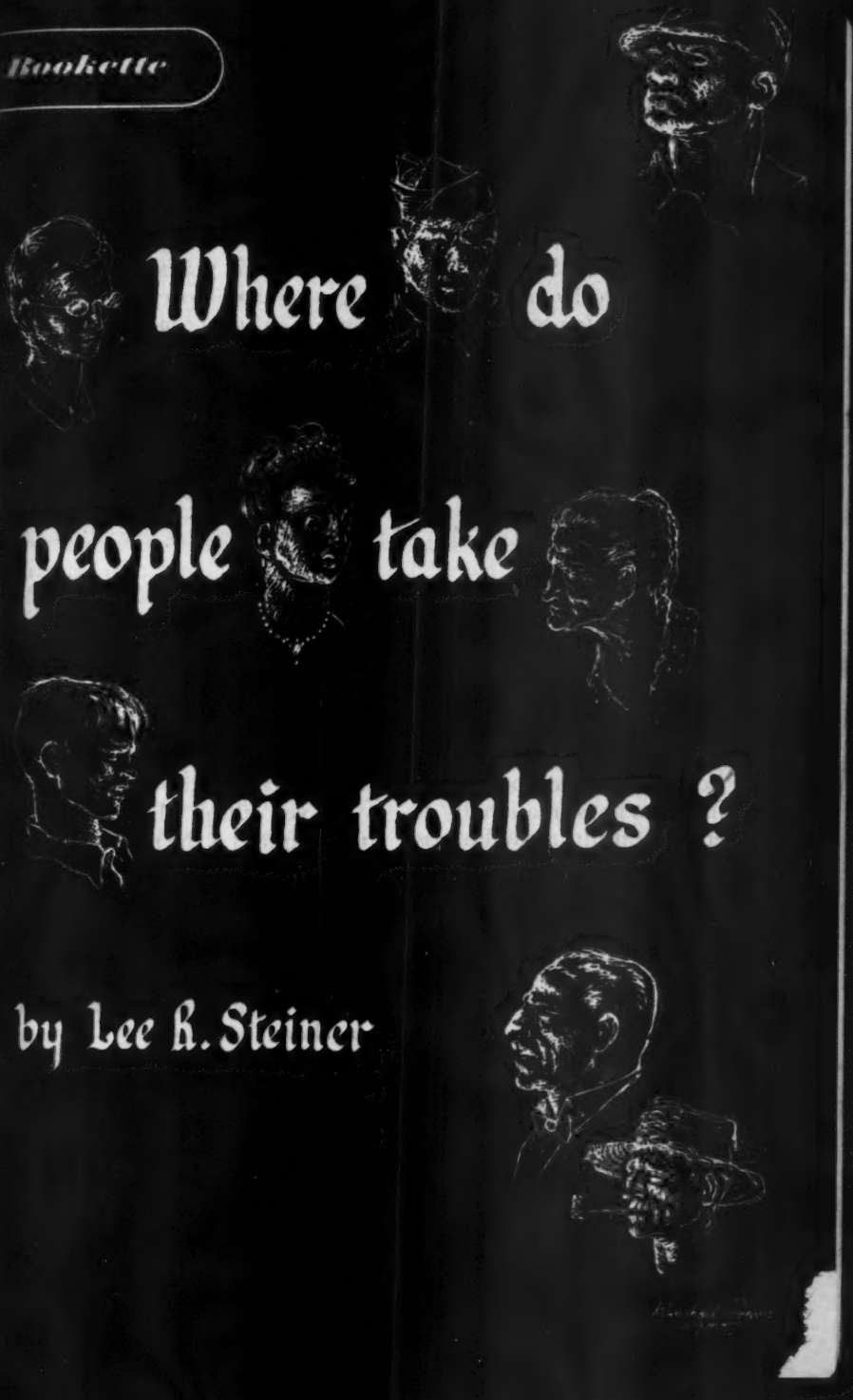
From all indications, Punch never deviated very far from his chosen path. Some sixth sense seemed to be guiding him surely on his way. He was next reported from Flagstaff, Arizona, by a tourist who carried him to Phoenix, and he rode from Bakersfield to Fresno, California, with another truck driver.

On April 8, 1936, ten months after he started out from Pittsburgh, Punch—still fat and in excellent spirits—trotted up the walk of his home in San Francisco and greeted his amazed and happy owners, who had not expected ever to see him again.

Man of Purpose

After Andrew Jackson's death, his old Negro aide was asked if he thought the general had gone to heaven. "I can't say for certain," he replied, "but if he wanted to go there, he's there!" —*Armed Guard Pointer*

Booklette



Where do people take their troubles?

by Lee R. Steiner

Foreword: Lee R. Steiner spent twelve years studying the quacks and charlatans who pose as "psychologists" and "consultants" to prey on desperate men and women who need help with their emotional problems. She found that what they usually give in return for substantial fees is not guidance but heartbreak. Because she is concerned with people, not statistics, Mrs. Steiner has written a lively, bright and entertaining book filled with familiar names—names of hypnotists, radio "Solomons," beauticians, advice-to-the-lovelorn editors, and all the other pseudo-psychologists who glibly offer short-cuts to success and happiness. A graduate of the University of Minnesota and Smith College, Mrs. Steiner has had professional training in psychoanalysis and experience as a lecturer on mental illness. But "Where Do People Take Their Troubles?" is not a sociological treatise: it is a shocking, amusing, authoritative, and immensely readable report on her research into all fields of "psychological quackery."

Where Do People Take Their Troubles?

by LEE R. STEINER

WHEN A PERSON is physically ill, he consults a competent physician. When he is emotionally distressed, he consults a psychologist.

Or does he?

For some strange reason most of us are ashamed of having an emotional disturbance which we cannot handle. It's easier to talk about a "nervous breakdown" than to admit that one's difficulty is, for example, the result of bad temper, selfishness or intolerance.

This resistance is abetted by the fact that many persons do not realize that there are highly skilled professional people who have made a life study of helping people with their personal problems, many of which need different specialists for proper therapy.

If you think that your emotional unrest is the result of a physical disturbance, see your physician. If he finds an organic nerve disorder, he will refer you to a neurologist. If he finds nothing organically wrong, he will doubtless refer you to a psychiatrist or a psychoanalyst.

There are four groups of professional people specifically trained to consult with individuals on their personal problems: psychiatrists, psychiatric social workers, clinical psychologists and psychoanalysts.

I shall refer to all four of these

Condensed from the book *Where Do People Take Their Troubles?* published at $3.00 by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, copyright 1945 by Lee R. Steiner

groups as psychologists, using the term in its broadest sense to designate a person professionally qualified to consult with people about their emotional upsets.

The psychiatrist is a physician; he must have an M.D. degree. He must also have interned in a hospital for mental diseases. The American Psychiatric Association (A.P.A.) insists that the institution have adequate facilities for educating the young doctor and that his education include the most advanced treatment of mental diseases.

The impostors in this area are M.D.'s who have not specialized in psychiatry, but feel that anyone can treat emotional problems; that all one needs is "common sense."

The psychiatric social workers are a group of professionally recognized consultants of whom you hear little, but who are specifically trained in diagnosing and treating family, social and children's problems. Unfortunately, they are not broadly available because they are on the staffs of social service agencies and mental hygiene clinics for the "underprivileged."

There are no impostors in this field, since it is largely a free service. Psychiatric social workers are well trained in hospitals and clinics. They must serve two years as members of the staff of a recognized hospital for mental diseases or a mental hygiene clinic before they can be accepted for membership in the American Association of Psychiatric Social Workers.

You will find most of the impostors in the field of the clinical psychologist.

The professionally qualified clinical psychologist has earned a master's degree in psychology (M.S.) or a doctor's degree in psychology (Ph.D.) *(A Ph.D. is the only legitimate doctorate. The other fancy combinations of letters are without exception illegitimate.)* After this preparation, he must have two years of full-time employment as a paid staff member of a recognized clinic before he is eligible for membership in the American Psychological Association.

He is then qualified to give what are commonly known as "mental tests." He is the person who, among other things, calculates the Intelligence Quotient. To do this, he must bear in mind that a person with an I.Q. of 120 and good work habits will often far outshine his lazy brother with an I.Q. of 170. Success or failure in life depends to a large extent on character, personal habits, and emotional stability. Any dud can give an intelligence test—it is the interpretation that requires skill.

Although the various schools of psychoanalysis have different approaches to the treatment of emotional problems, all have the same aim—to liberate the individual from his emotional compulsions.

But psychoanalysis by an amateur is dangerous. It can cause serious mental breakdowns. Undertaken by an expert, on the other hand, it may bring remarkable liberation of energy and a new lease on life. Here is one example:

A Mr. Atwater Jr. visited the office of a psychiatric social worker for advice about his seventy-year-old father who wanted to find em-

ployment and live by himself. The son asked: "How can we allow father to work and live alone? What will our friends and relatives say? Who will look after him if he is ill?"

Obviously he wanted the consultant to tell his father that he should be satisfied to remain where he was and behave himself.

The consultant's answer was: "I'll be glad to study your father, diagnose his case and recommend the best course to follow."

Mr. Atwater Sr. turned out to be an intelligent and vigorous man. He obviously had once had a great love of life, but had recently become emotionally depressed. He had retired at 65 and had been living ever since in his son's home. He was unhappy there. He felt useless.

The consultant asked, "What do you want to do?"

"I want to be active again," he answered, "to be in a busy place, earn a living, have my own home."

To advise the son about his father, the consultant had to know the older man's intellectual capacity, his record of employment, how adequate he was vocationally, whether he was sufficiently stable emotionally to carry out his plan and whether he was physically fit.

The consultant found everything to be favorable to the father's plan. She reported to the son that his father was physically, mentally, and emotionally far younger than his years, and that being forced to live the life of a useless old man had plunged him into a deep emotional depression.

This was professional advice based on the needs of the person in trouble and not on the psychologist's personal experiences.

Regardless of how you seek out a psychologist, you have the right to inquire about his qualifications. If you have any doubts, ask him where he received his academic education, what degrees he has, where he received his internship, and of what professional organization he is a member. If he is a competent consultant, he will welcome such intelligent inquiry.

They are *your* emotions. Far better to be sure than sorry.

YOU KNOW NOW who *is* a psychologist – but it would take volumes to explain who isn't one.

One characteristic of the pseudo-psychologist is the use of explanatory titles. Every practitioner is a specialist, whatever his calling. Nard King is a "Hypnologist," S. Arthur Newman, an "Instructor of Relaxation." The "Psychoanalysis" of Nandor Fodor is "an educational course—with emphasis on the spiritual side of human nature;" James Maratta, "Counsellor in Human Relations," is also "adviser to America's leading business executives."

They come from anywhere and everywhere, changing their merchandise at will.

Among the "psychologists" who are having a field day in hypnotism are Ralph Slater and Andrew Salter. They are so busy that they can speak on the phone only at a time specified by them, and appointments must be made at least

ten days in advance. Both are in their thirties. Slater has hypnotized subjects over the radio, directing them to do all the silly things that vaudeville performers accomplish on the stage.

Salter specializes in "autohypnosis;" that is, he teaches his patients to hypnotize themselves, but he will also shift personality or reduce poundage for as little as 750 dollars.

There is also "Doctor" Thomas L. Garrett, who over a period of years has moved a few blocks at a time from the less desirable reaches of upper Park Avenue to a sumptuous apartment in the more fashionable section.

Garrett told me about an opera star whom he had sent on an astral jaunt into the future. In her trance she had even read a newspaper headline which was not printed until months later. He had copies of the newspaper to prove it. He explained that this was a difficult feat.

From what I can learn of his prowess, this fascinating pretender is undoubtedly a skilled hypnotist. A few days after my visit, I was told about one of Garrett's patients, a woman of forty who came to him to communicate with her departed father. Garrett had hypnotized her so often that now he had merely to snap his fingers to put her into a trance. Her desires for this treatment had become an obsession.

This gives you some idea of the power of this type of "therapy."

I could continue endlessly in presenting to you the ingenious methods devised by these *ersatz* "therapists" who function in the byways of psychology. However, my purpose is merely to acquaint you with some criteria by which you may recognize these homemade practitioners. They can be dangerous.

Gremlins in the Inkpot

THE CUSTOM of asking the editor of a newspaper for advice about anything under the sun is as old as newspapers themselves. But with the growth of syndicated news, the column therapists have developed tremendous mail-order businesses.

To obtain a clearer idea of what this syndicated "therapy" consists of, I sent an exact copy of a letter under the name of Mrs. Joseph to several leading columnists, asking advice about a problem that had originally come to me in a letter from the aunt of a troublesome boy.

The boy's mother was an aggressive business executive who had been hampered by the time spent in giving birth to and rearing Henry. The father, six years younger than his wife, had worked for her before they were married and was still in her employ. He admitted that he had never wanted the child and had never liked Henry because he had disrupted their lives.

Henry has a glass of milk when he arrives home from public school, then attends parochial school until six o'clock. He feels that these are pretty long hours.

He said that he wished the boys at school liked him better. He didn't know their games and they didn't want him around. Life was pretty dull.

I asked him why he lied to his parents. They had told me he did.

"I don't know," he answered. "They aren't exactly lies. I told them last week that I was appointed monitor in my class. They asked the teacher and found out that I wasn't. Maybe I was trying to make myself important."

You see this boy's emotional plight? The only real impression he could make anywhere was to make trouble at home.

The solution of such a problem is among the most difficult we know. Henry needs affection, but as a beginning the most one can hope for is that his parents stop blaming him for behavior that is created by their lack of love for him; that they give him the feeling that home is where he belongs; that they encourage him to develop whatever creative talents he has and thus build up a greater regard for himself as a person whose happiness matters. One must proceed slowly, with understanding and tenderness.

I was eager to know what kind of "therapy" the columnists would offer Henry.

Two letters to Beatrice Fairfax, who "sets your doubts to rout," brought the following reply:

> "Please forgive the somewhat delayed answer to your letter. I wanted to study the case of your sister's son which you have presented to me. I wonder if she has made the mistake of concentrating too seriously on the atypical peculiarities of her son?
>
> "The reason I ask this question is that yesterday I had an hour's interview with a mother whose sixteen-year-old daughter is now at Saint Elizabeth's Asylum. From what this woman told me, the girl seemed normal enough in the beginning, but her parents called in pediatricians and psychiatrists to diagnose the child, when there was nothing wrong but too much spoiling of an only child. . . ."

Is the second paragraph a warning that children become demented when one calls in a professional consultant?

Doris Blake (Antoinette Donnelly) admits that she took over her column, not because of any special psychological insights, but because the editor considered her a good newspaper woman. But in her prescription for Henry she seemed to have complete confidence in herself as a diagnostician and prognostician:

> "This child certainly should be taken in hand before it is too late. I think the best thing to do is to deprive him of something he really likes, for this makes a bigger impression on him than to try and spank him. . . ."

Deprive him of something he really likes. What could they take from Henry? He is already deprived of everything that matters to him—affection.

Dorothy Dix (Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer) dispenses her heart-balm from a spacious home in New Orleans.

After four requests went unanswered, a specially registered letter which could be delivered only

to Dorothy Dix brought this edict from the mount:

"Evidently your sister has spoiled her son and he is now defying her and resenting her control. It is a condition that often happens with only children.

"The only way she can save the lad is for them to be separated for a time, and the thing for her to do is to send him off to school this fall, and send him so far he can't come home weekends. Let him miss home and mother and the coddling he has been used to. . . ."

Can the lady be sincere? Can she mean to heighten his feeling of rejection by sending him many miles from home?

Poor Henry!

AFTER REPEATED unsuccessful attempts to discuss their correspondents with the advice columnists, you can imagine how gratefully I accepted an opportunity extended me by a friend to help with a nationally read advice column. Mine was the behind-the-scenes job, advising the columnist how to answer the letters from the Mrs. Josephs about the Henrys.

One of my first assignments was a letter from 22-year-old Harold. He had married a girl of 19. They were very happy despite frequent quarrels, until they were obliged to live with her parents. He said his mother-in-law weaned his wife away from him. He left and established a home where his wife visited him daily and finally returned to him. He gave her his entire earnings, but she neglected the home and refused to prepare food. They quarreled and she returned to live at her mother's home.

"I love her very much," he concluded, "and want her to come back. Please help me. I am desperate."

What could one advise Harold by letter? All one knew was that he still loved his girl wife who didn't seem to want him. Success in marriage depends chiefly on the attitude two people have toward each other. As for the young wife, had she ever loved him? I didn't know. Since Harold lived nearby, I asked him to come in to see me. He did not respond.

Day after day the letters poured in. I attempted to consult with the writers who lived nearby, and a good number responded eagerly to the invitation. When I could not meet the writers, I made every attempt to refer them to a professional consultant who could learn the nature of their basic problem.

As I reread many of the letters my friend received, I marvel at the comment of the columnists that they have need for humility in the *great work* they are doing.

What about their audacity in undertaking it?

Misery at the Microphone

WHEN Marion Sayles Taylor, the "Voice of Experience," made an ingenious adaptation of the newspaper "advice" columns for the air, he discovered radio for the "Human Relations Counsellors." For years, at a specified hour, the vibrant voice of this magnetic radio personality presumptively directed the lives of

the people in his vast following.

The radio audience did not seem to realize that he had no knowledge of the problems he was discussing, other than the meager details sent him in a letter.

John J. Anthony has neither the charm nor the virility of the "Voice." I asked him, "Just what is the basis of your success on the air; since no one can doubt that you are successful?"

Mr. Anthony smiled. "In ten years I shall write a book about it. That will be something!"

In his radio presentation, Anthony and the interviewee are at the microphones. Each story works itself up to the greatest pitch of excitement of which the material and the story-teller are capable.

In building his program, Mr. Anthony balances his show. He might open with a bit of flag-waving. A boy of seventeen who is supporting his grandmother wants to know whether he should join the marines or work on a farm. Mr. Anthony naturally advises, "Work on the farm." Before the end of the hour, Anthony announces that three listeners have telephoned in to offer the young man a job. Are they farm jobs? He doesn't say.

Then he might introduce a soothing note as he tells a young woman, "I hope your dreams come true." At times there is a challenge in his voice, as he advises a girl who has lost her job because of race prejudice and wants to change her name, to crusade for the elimination of prejudice.

The advice is geared not so much to the patient's need as to the balance of a good show.

As to his background: he is Lester Kroll, a taxi-driver who subsequently became Jack Anthony, a writer for pulp magazines, and eventually John J. Anthony, "counsellor on marital problems."

Mr. Anthony is dangerous because he has so little knowledge of his limitations. As a radio attraction, he has learned how to present the sensationalism of the confessional. He presents himself as one who knows all the answers to personal problems and thus invests himself with an air of authority which impresses the radio audience. His offering is technically well presented. It's a good show.

But what is the cost of the show in human values? That is the professional objection—his use of people in trouble to serve his own purpose.

ONE EVENING while dining with Sylvia and Albert Grobe, who was then program director at station WINS in New York City, I voiced my despair over the situation. Albert laughed. "Why don't you have your own program and find out first-hand who comes and what they want? I'll give you a spot on WINS."

It was a fruitful experiment.

In the advertisements of the commercial consultants of radio there seems to be great stress laid on programs that are "without rehearsal." I could not imagine how a problem could be presented without previous discussion, but I needed to have proven data, so I

planned presentations with the patient at the microphone, "without rehearsal." One of these, Andrea, 24 years old, had had a most difficult life. Ostensibly she wanted advice on how to curb her desire for drink, but she also wished to make it clear that people suffering the vicissitudes of her early life should not be blamed for any weaknesses.

I pointed out to Andrea that while she had had a difficult early life, she was no longer a victim of circumstances but an adult who should now regulate her own life and face her real problem. She became violently angry and burst into invectives. Her microphone was hastily disconnected.

I learned much about "unrehearsed broadcasts" from that experience. It took many hours of counseling to undo the harm done by giving "unrehearsed" advice over the microphone.

Nevertheless, I feel that these commercial presentations have served two very good purposes in the interest of mental hygiene. They have demonstrated that there is a tremendous radio audience interested in presentations of personal problems. They have likewise attracted the leading mental hygiene groups in the country who are now willing at least to try experiments with legitimate psychological programs.

Fabricated Systems

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE is not a process of job-finding. The purpose of this branch of clinical psychology is to help the individual get started in a life vocation which is suited to him in as many ways as possible. The great handicap of vocational guidance at the moment is that people expect too much from this new field of research.

Here again we find the commercial "consultants" rushing in to offer their perfected "systems," creating the illusion that people can sit down to a few tests and be told the exact vocation in which they can become famous and wealthy. Clinical psychology knows no such tricks. These miracles are *ersatz* products of inventive minds who would have us believe that each of us has a creative talent which, when discovered, will change us into transcendent geniuses and that to achieve this wonder one need only contact the proper "system."

One of these is the Merton System which has functioned on a national basis by mail for more than 25 years. "Doctor" Holmes W. Merton ("M.D."), now in his eighties, states in his literature that he has spent his life devising and employing this system.

I decided to make my initial investigations as a housewife in her early forties with a sick unemployable husband and two children, sixteen and eighteen, to support; a person completely untrained for industry.

I had only a fleeting glance at the "Doctor" as he passed through the waiting room. He is a tall, thin, pale and white-haired man who might well be mistaken for a

physician. Miss Parmerlee, his elderly assistant, said that "Doctor" Merton was in conference. She looked me over very carefully.

She scarcely listened to my problem, but launched into a long dissertation regarding "Doctor" Merton, who is an artist of the brain's geography and an expert on brain anatomy.

A written report of my cerebral heights would cost 25 dollars, she told me. When I explained that the amount was prohibitive, that I needed a job badly, she said, "Since it is summertime, the fee can be reduced to 15 dollars."

As I still made no comment, she suggested that perhaps I could find work taking care of children.

Might I do Merton's type of work were I to take his course?

She answered with an emphatic affirmative. The price for the preparatory work of two courses is 75 dollars (husbands and wives admitted for a single tuition fee). Thus any woman can become a "Merton Method Vocational Guidance Counsellor" in her own home, with only her background as a housewife, a high-school education, and no knowledge of the world of work.

Neither of the extreme alternatives offered would have really solved the problem I presented—neither the underpaid job as a mother's helper, nor the investing of money against a future career as a "vocational counsellor." I had not come for guidance. I was job-hunting and should have been sent to an employment agency.

Merton makes the statement, which without question brands him as a charlatan, that his recommendations "point to the *exact vocation* (italics are his) which the subject should follow." At this stage of our psychological knowledge, that cannot be done.

We now think we can measure a few basic aptitudes like spatial perception, which an architect would need, or finger dexterity, which would be necessary for a pianist, but no one has yet isolated specific trait aptitudes such as the "vocational guidance systems" profess.

There is little question that we need more facilities for legitimate vocational guidance. Should you feel that you want such guidance, and don't know where to apply, consult the psychology department of the university near your home. If there is none, make inquiry at the United States Employment Service. Should you still have no luck, send for the magazine *Occupations** in the back of which you will find the officers of the National Vocational Guidance Association listed by states. That representative will know the vocational guidance consultant in your community.

Remember, no examination is better than the person who gives it.

WHEN I BEGAN this study, I knew vaguely that there were Correspondence Clubs, Matrimonial Publications, Marriage Brokers and Introduction Services. But I

*Published by the National Vocational Guidance Association, 525 West 120th Street, New York 27, New York. Price fifty cents a copy.

was amazed to find how numerous were these undertakings and how large was the clientele.

Who are Lonely Hearts? We might say that they are persons sending out appeals for friendship and a mate. Nobody knows why they are lonely, because no one has studied them. We can't say whether they lack opportunity to meet people, whether they have emotional maladjustments, or a combination of both.

One cannot ignore the fact, however, that thousands of people need assistance in overcoming their loneliness. In the absence of recognized community facilities, many turn to the Correspondence Clubs.

One medium for club advertising is the matrimonial publications. A typical matrimonial publication is the *Western Heart*, in Oregon, a twelve-page periodical issued six times yearly, which sells space on a classified basis—three cents a word, one dollar for a display ad with picture, and five dollars for the display ad for six issues.

The life synopses here seem more straightforward than those in the club literature. This one, for example, accompanying the photograph of a very attractive woman, states very simply:

> 2037—Texas—I am an American from a well-bred Southern family, of English-Scotch descent. I have dark hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. I am 34, height 5-6½, weight 125. I am in excellent health, well educated, and engaged in Public Health work. I will marry if the right fellow will show up.

There must be many like the public health worker from Texas. Whatever the reason for her loneliness, it is sad to think that people of her caliber must resort to being catalogued in a matrimonial publication for a solution to their life problems.

Entrepreneurs for Cupid

LISTED in the telephone directory of most large cities you will find the real money makers in connection with the Lonely Hearts—the marriage brokers. I realized that the only way I could meet these Lonely Hearts would be to register with a marriage broker. I decided to register with a Mrs. Dorothy Jaffe, who had broken into print in several newspapers and had even released a movie short.

She was all sweetness and laughter when she met me. Mrs. Jaffe had dozens and dozens of *such* cultured and rich men registered with her. She assured me that all her clients are thoroughly investigated both as to their social standing and their finances.

I paid a 25 dollar retainer and signed a statement that "In consideration of my employing you to secure for me a partner in marriage, I hereby agree to pay you the sum of one hundred dollars in payment of such service and I agree to pay the said sum at the time of my wedding."

Mrs. Jaffe did not fulfill a single promise she made to me. Her methods, however, intrigued me. She used a kind of blitz-technique

which brooks no interference. Three men called in three successive days. All were fortune-hunters.

A dentist telephoned and insisted that he be allowed to come that evening. He entered the apartment in a terrific rage. The doorbell was out of order and he had waited for a few moments. He said that he was in a hurry because he had left a patient in the chair. He would not remove his overcoat. He inspected the apartment carefully and departed. Obviously he did not consider it a suitable setting for his dental practice.

I looked him up in the credit bureau to check on Mrs. Jaffe's statement that all her clients are carefully investigated. That wasn't his real name; he had recently changed it. A patient had obtained a judgment against him for three thousand dollars for personal injuries, and he had embraced the time-honored expediency of bankruptcy proceedings: liabilities seven thousand dollars, assets 42 dollars.

An automobile salesman called the next day. He was angry with Mrs. Jaffe for giving him the "run-around." She had already sent him to meet twenty widows with children when he had specifically stated that he was not interested in women with children. This man was frankly looking for a woman with money.

The third and last was a meek little dentist who was so poor that he scrubbed his own office floors. He had never registered with Mrs. Jaffe. She had heard about him through a friend and had given him free service to call on her women clients.

It wasn't difficult to get rid of the men Mrs. Jaffe recommended. I merely had to tell them that I had no money.

I wrote to Mrs. Jaffe demanding that she fulfill her promise or send me a refund. She sent me a touching note reminding me to "please bear in mind that at no time do we have a refund department."

A BEAUTY parlor was once a place to which a woman went for a marcel, a manicure, or a facial. Now we have "salons" where this lady experiences a metamorphosis. As a result of this process, we are told, "personality" emerges.

Psychologically speaking, personality is the sum total of all a person's reactions, inner as well as outer; the chemical composition of his makeup, his glandular equipment, his neurological mechanism, his physique, and all of his environmental influences since birth. Personality, therefore, does little changing. It is one's identity.

As depicted in the formula of the "Success Schools," personality is a contrivance, assumed as a sort of mask, statedly for sale on the market.

The dazzling "new personality" is produced through using the proper cold creams, reducing the poundage, and learning how to drape the frailer form more advantageously. To the trade this result is—"fascination."

No one could quarrel with any of this if it remained within the

by Lee R. Steiner

realm of the beautician. But the schools have branched out into work with people of emotional unrest—in fact, no small part of their advertising is directed to the emotionally distressed person who willingly accepts any sufficiently appealing suggestion. And so here we have it—in a full-page national magazine advertisement:

> She came to the Success School a timid, unsure girl, with a strong Inferiority Complex! You should have seen her, this girl of 23, the day she came to talk with Anne Delafield. Her face reflecting so clearly her depressed state of mind, her sense of failure! . . . And now today, the miracle of rebuilding that the Success School wrought. . . . So if you have any feeling of inadequacy, write or call and let our Miss Delafield tell you just what we can do for you.

Is this invitation to solve one's emotional problems by the cosmetic route the practice of psychotherapy? I leave it to you. What would beauty parlors call us were we to advertise, "Come and be psychoanalyzed so that your hair will be curly"? The tossing in of the term "inferiority complex" makes me seriously doubt that it is not a practice in psychotherapy.

Now inferiority complex is a technical diagnosis which can be accurately made only by a person with professional training. Laymen pin it onto anything tangible: a poor appearance, an unpleasant voice, or lack of social graces. But these are never the real causes. Most commonly, an inferiority complex arises in the family relationships of childhood.

To clarify this important point, consider a single case. We'll call her Miss Walker. Her father was a rigidly stern man. He had neither the patience nor the kindliness to guide the development of a young child's personality. He wanted to whip it into shape.

As a little girl of five, at table with her parents, Miss Walker spilled gravy on a fresh cloth and met a stern and angry look from her father. She covered the spot with her plate. She ate her food hurriedly, becoming more and more nervous, and finally pushed the food off her plate. She began to cry and ran from the table.

"Come back here and finish your dinner," came the stern command.

"I don't want any dinner," she screamed from the next room. "I don't care if I never eat again." She had a crying spasm. Her father was enraged and gave her the severe whipping which ended every scene.

In such an atmosphere of insecurity she spent her childhood and adolescence. She hated and feared her father. She hated and feared everyone. That was the basis of her emotional unrest.

Can a Cinderella School treat her by polishing the exterior and training her to present to the world a picture of love, happiness, security, and poise?

I had written to all of the Success Schools to ask them what they could do about my inferiority complex. In order to study the cosmetic route to emotional poise and personal satisfaction, I endowed Inez, a friend of mine, with

an inferiority complex, since there is little else any Cinderella School could offer her. She is athletic and has an almost perfect figure; her skin is smooth and clear; her natural blonde hair has a lovely sheen and is becomingly arranged; and she wears simple clothes well.

So we wandered into the Arden Salon. In reply to Inez's question, the receptionist said, "Of course, we can get rid of your inferiority complex." We were ushered into what seemed to be a "before taking" room, furnished with scales, a camera, and other paraphernalia.

"Take off your coat so I can see your figure." Inez complied. The interviewer, whose slip was showing, patted Inez around the hips and said: "We could take off a bit there. Your posture is not perfect and you could improve your makeup. We could do something with your hair, too."

"Will that get me over my inferiority complex?" asked Inez.

"Definitely. It will give you a lift you need." She outlined a one-month course, twice a week for 50 dollars in class or 65 dollars in private.

Inez commented on the negligees and lingerie displayed. "This isn't for class work?"

"No."

"Oh," said Inez. "For home work!"

"Yes, we have dresses, suits, sports clothes, and a whole floor of lingerie."

"Would that help me?"

"Definitely."

At the Richard Hudnut Salon we accepted an invitation to graduation exercises. Perhaps there I would be able to find out how this "new personality" is applied.

Twenty women balanced themselves rigidly on the edges of backless chairs. They wore new and becoming bathing suits and high-heeled slippers. Their makeup was impeccable, their coiffure flawless. Each in turn did a stretching exercise, walked up and down a flight of six steps, received a white gift box and a diploma tied with white ribbon, and bowed out.

Then came the "before" pictures. Clad in shapeless cotton bathing suits, makeup cloths cruelly outlining their features, and their feet thrust in cotton anklets, the poor specimens that had dragged themselves in for the course were shown on the screen. As a bonus for that bit of martyrdom, each of the girls then appeared before black velvet draperies tenderly and softly spotlighted—the butterflies from poor drab cocoons! They had lost weight and girth. Their skins looked clean and fresh. Many were still quite plump, but all seemed happy that they looked better. But I still wondered what all this had to do with personality and emotional stability.

The Cinderella Schools may help to bluff and give the illusion of adequacy, but I am not concerned here with bluff and illusion. I am interested in methods of corraling our emotional energies in order that we may function in one emotional piece and meet our life problems with adequacy

and courage. One cannot attain that type of emotional adjustment in a beauty parlor.

WITH A WORLD to be rebuilt, does it seem picayune that I should be stressing the problem of the individual citizen?

It isn't picayune. Any group undertaking will fail if the individuals who comprise that group do not derive satisfaction from its functioning.

You may recall that one of my intentions has been to tell people where they could take their troubles for professional consultation. Owing to the inadequacy of available professional services, it isn't possible to offer any guide outside of the large cities.

In small communities, if the town boasts a university, the psychology department might undertake counseling; and if there is a state hospital for the mentally ill, it might conduct a clinic for the less involved emotional problems of its community members. In other small towns there is no service except possibly the welfare director interested in the problems of the poor, and the minister whose service to the members of his parish would be helpful or otherwise according to the professional training he has had.

By and large, those in need of help shop for their psychology among the catalogues of the various entrepreneurs offering their simulated solace. These sufferers are like drowning persons—they do not inspect the quality of the lifeline thrown. They grasp it. If it frays and they are again drawn into the whirlpool, they grasp the next line thrown, and the next. and the next, hoping eventually to reach calm waters.

A mental hygiene program that would adequately reach the public would call for a nationwide educational program including radio, group meetings, an inexhaustible supply of printed matter, and, most important of all, supplementary facilities for individual counseling.

Some such plan for education and professional psychological treatment is our next *must* in governmental interest.

Uncle Sam usually rises to the occasion when a great need is presented to him. We have tangible evidence that he is aware of part of this need by the rapidity and thoroughness with which he has provided mental hygiene facilities for the young men who have cracked from strains which accompanied them into service.

I feel certain that a similar program could be made available to those needing this care in the army of 130 million persons fighting the daily battle of life.

CREDITS

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Between these Covers

With Pen in Hand: *Keith Monroe* (*A Father's Gift to All Children*, page 26) has virtually shaken hands with the Spirit of American Christmas itself. He got his story about Clement Clarke Moore directly from John Clement Moore, a grandson of the boy for whom Moore's famous poem was written . . . In 1936, ***Howard Fast*** (*Courage Is a Quiet Thing*, page 20) decided that writing was his life's work and he would "never do any manual labor again, even if he starved." His hobbies are writing, bridge, writing, the American Revolution, writing, painting, eating and writing . . . When ***Cameron Shipp*** (*Corwin of the Airwaves*, page 32) edited the Forest Hills (Long Island) *Post*, he never "said anything complimentary about anybody," but he learned his manners and now you can find him in "Who's Who," a fact which he feels makes life worthwhile. It makes us slightly jealous at any rate . . . ***Maurice Zolotow*** (*Magician of the Supper Clubs*, page 134) has for years been the man with inside information on life just off New York's Broadway, and anybody with a "screwball" twist in his personality is grist for his mill. But his idea of fun is to curl up with some Eighteenth Century English literature!

Between Christmases: Throughout the year, from Christmas to Christmas, our readers send us little, cheerful, cheering messages which we prefer not to call fan mail but letters from friends. Whether a lonely, homesick serviceman writes in request of a cover girl's age and height, or a man in Mexico, Missouri, tells us that our magazine brings him endless hours of joy and relaxation, it fills our hearts with warmth and good will and the zest to make every succeeding issue as much better than the preceding one as possible. Each of us has his job in the world: the steel worker, the grocer, the milkman, the movie star, the salesmanager, and the file clerk. But blessed is he who, besides his daily bread, earns the gratitude of his fellows.

It is not always an editor's fortune to earn praise from his readers. We receive complaints and corrections and wrist-slappings along with encouragement. We need both, and at this time of year, especially, we have the sure feeling that we are not sending our little books into the world for nothing. Whether you like us or not, we like you and we shall continue to be guided by your approval as well as by your disapproval. For we believe that Coronet is as much your magazine as it is ours.

We wish all of you, then, friends and strangers, from the little towns and the big towns, from the subway stations and the whistle stops, all of you everywhere in the first peacetime Christmas in almost a decade, the merriest, roundest, rosiest, cheeriest of holidays—and a bright New Year which will see home again those boys and men who have made Christmas in 1945 a time of good will and peace on earth. Merry Christmas!

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All is calm, all is bright.
—*Joseph Mohr*



CHRISTMAS EVE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE